

The + Barnard  
Annual + '94



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2014

<https://archive.org/details/annual1189barn>











In compliance with current copyright law, the  
Etherington Conservation Center produced  
this replacement volume on paper that meets  
ANSI Standard Z39.48-1992R (1997) to replace  
the irreparably deteriorated original.



2004





# DARDS,

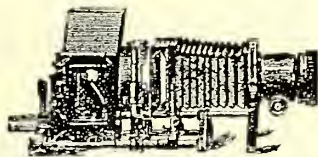
44th STREET AND MADISON AVE.

CHOICE FLOWERS,

RARE PLANTS

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

NEW DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES  
FURNISHED.



THE PROJECTION LANTERN

is a prominent feature in modern  
educational methods . . . . .

THE CRITERION LANTERNS

cover a more varied field of use-  
fulness than other styles, and are  
as easy for ladies to handle as for  
men . . . . .

Electric, Oxy-Hydrogen and Oil Lights are in-  
terchangeable in the Criterion. Various scientific  
attachments are accommodated. Cut shows elec-  
tric Light Stereopticon. Lanterns may be seen  
in operation at our offices. Catalogues on appli-  
cation.

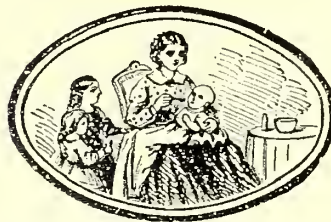
**J. B. COLT & CO.,**  
Manufacturers of Apparatus and Slides,

16 Beekman Street, New York.  
189 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

For children while cutting their teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.



MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has  
been used for over Fifty Years by Millions  
of Mothers for their Children While Teething, with  
Perfect Success. It Soothes the Child, Softens  
the Gums, Allays all Pain; Cures Wind Colic, and  
is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by Drug-  
gists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask  
for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,  
and take no other kind. Twenty-five Cents a  
bottle.

PRINTERS, ENGRAVERS, BOOKBINDERS.

DEALERS IN

Pictures & Picture Frames,

Subscriptions Received for  
all Magazines.

**Sabiston, Murray & Co.,**

No. 916 Sixth Avenue,

NEW YORK.

PUBLISHERS,  
BOOKSELLERS,  
STATIONERS.

BARTENS & RICE,

20 John St., New York.

IMPORTERS OF

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES,

MANUFACTURERS OF

ARTISTIC JEWELRY

AND SILVERWARE,

At Wholesale and Retail.

ΕΝΩΣΙΣ ΗΜΙΣΤΡΑΧΜΩΝ

ΤΡΑΠΕΖΑ ΤΩΝ ΚΑΤΑΘΕΣΕΩΝ

ΠΛΑΤΕΙΑ ΤΟΥ ΓΥΡΑΓΥ

Τριακοστή δευτέρα ὁδὸς πρὸς δυσμὰς

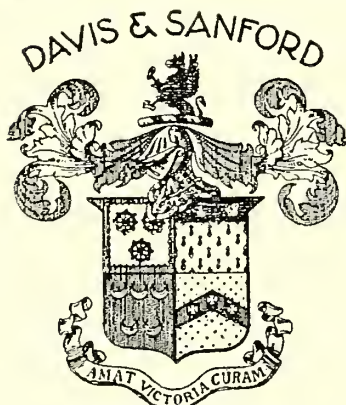
Ὁ τόκος ἐπὶ τῶν καταθέσεων ἄρζεται τὴν πρώτην ἐκάστης τριμηνίας ἐπὶ ποσῶν ἀπὸ \$ 5.00 μέχρι 3,000.

Ἡ τράπεζα παρέχει εὐκολίας τοῖς καταθέταις, οἵτινες καὶ ταχυδρομικῶς δύνανται πέμπειν τὰς καταθέσεις αὐτῶν.

Τὰ γραφεῖα ἔσονται ἀνοικτὰ, τὴν μὲν Δευτέραν ἐκάστης ἑβδομάδος ἀπὸ τὴν δεκάτην ὥραν τῆς πρωίας μέχρι τῆς ἑβδόμης τοῦ ἑσπέρας, τὸ δὲ Σάββατον μέχρι μεσημβρίας. Τὰς λοιπὰς ἡμέρας μέχρι τῶν τριῶν μετὰ μεσημβρίαν.

ΚΑΡΘΛΟΣ Ε. ΣΠΡΑΓΓ, πρόεδρος

ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ Ν. ΜΠΕΡΔΣΩΛΑ ΦΡΑΓΚΙΣΚΟΣ Μ. ΛΗΚ  
ταμίας γραμματεὺς



Davis & Sanford,  
Artist-Photographers,

Cor. Fifth Avenue and 28th Street,

NEW YORK.



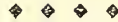
The attention of all interested in Art is invited to the **Art Portraiture** by photography, executed by **DAVIS & SANFORD**, who solicit a comparison of their work with that of painters and illustrators in respect to Composition, Drawing, Pose, Lighting and Picturesqueness of general effect. Attention is also invited to their new method of finishing portraits, by their **exclusive process**, called

\*\*\* **Artist-Proof Photogravure**, \*\*\*

Which for Softness, Delicacy and Color has never been equalled. Pictures also printed in **CARBON** and all other approved processes. Visitors to Studio always welcome.

246 FIFTH AVENUE, (OVER SYPHER & CO.)

# Stationery for Students.



. . . Messrs. TIFFANY & CO.'s experience of over fifty years in studying the requirements of Students in Universities, Academies and Schools enables them to offer College Stationery, Invitations to Commencement Exercises, Receptions and Dinners, Menu Cards, Orders of Dance, Fraternity Dies, Engrossed and Illuminated Resolutions and other work, of a superior order of excellence and at prices as reasonable as is compatible with good workmanship. Correspondence invited.

. . . . TIFFANY & CO.

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK. . . .

PARIS: 3 RUE BERGÈRE.

Mourning.

*Berth's*

Misses' and Children's  
HATS.

Importer of Millinery.

622 Madison Ave., New York.

SAYRE & FISHER CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

**FINE PRESSED FRONT BRICK** Of Various Kinds.

White, Light & Dark Buff, Ochre, Red, Gray, Old Gold & Pompeian or Mottled, both plain and moulded, also Enameled Brick, all colors, Hard Building Brick and Fire Brick.

OFFICE:

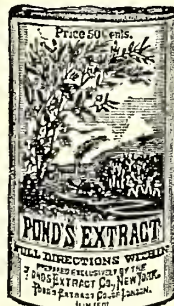
Bennett Building, Nassau and Fulton Streets, New York.

Telephone, 395 Cortlandt, New York.

# POND'S EXTRACT

**WILL CURE**

Sore Throat,  
Lameness,  
Influenza,  
Wounds,  
Piles,  
Earache,  
Chilblains,  
Sore Eyes,  
Inflammations,



FAC-SIMILE OF  
BOTTLE WITH  
BUFF WRAPPER.

Hoarseness,  
Frost Bites,  
Soreness,  
Catarrh,  
Burns,  
Bruises,  
Sore Feet,  
Face Ache,  
Hemorrhages.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Avenue, New York

# LADIES:

When the Head aches; when you feel weak, languid or nervous, Nothing is so refreshing and helpful as RICKSECKER'S REVIVING SALTS.

It's sure to prove the best fifty cent purchase you ever made. Don't delay. Send to your Druggist and secure the genuine Ricksecker's in Blue Glass bottle.

---

MRS. JENNESS MILLER expresses the sentiments of the fashionable world when she writes :

"Where powder containing white lead, bismuth, and dangerous substances are used, both health and complexion may suffer irreparable injury. RICKSECKER'S FACE POWDER will be found safe and delicate, and the effect produced by its use Entirely Free from the smeared, painted, ghastly look so offensive to good taste, which most powders produce."



White, Flesh or Yellow for Evening, 25c. Wood boxes. Druggists. Ricksecker's Powder conceals blemishes—cannot be detected. Adhesive. Sent by post on receipt of 25c. in stamps.

---

RICKSECKER'S Perfumes and Colognes have preference, not only in our own land, but even in Great Britain, South America, the Indies and Australia, over the old-fashioned European manufactured goods, by reason of their lasting properties, as well as their fine, rich, distinguishè odor. Try a 50c. bottle of the famous Martha Washington Perfume.

HIGHEST AWARDS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE ONLY PERFUMES SOLD AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

---

THEO. RICKSECKER.

58 MAIDEN LANE,

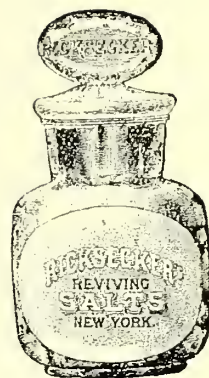
-

-

-

-

NEW YORK.





## LADIES' JACKETS

MADE TO ORDER.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

---

## L. SPECTOR,

Fine Merchant Tailor,

322 MADISON AVE., = New York.  
Under Wellington Hotel, near 42d Street.

---

A FULL LINE OF

Imported and Domestic Woolens

ALWAYS ON HAND.

---

CLEANING AND REPAIRING  
NEATLY DONE.

---

## PECKHAM, LITTLE & Co.,

PUBLISHERS, MANUFACTURERS  
AND DEALERS IN

Blank · Books, · Stationery  
and School Supplies.

---

"EVERYTHING FOR THE SCHOOLROOM."

No. 56 Reade Street,

(First Door West of Broadway), New York.

---

Correspondence Solicited.

## Mason & Hamlin

IMPROVED

PIANOS

Represent the same high standard of  
EXCELLENCE which has achieved  
a reputation for their

## ORGANS

As the Standard of the World.

These Instruments have been supplied to Churches  
Convents, Sisters of Charity, Missionaries,  
and Schools the World over.

WAREROOMS:

158 FIFTH AVENUE,  
NEW YORK.

---

This space reserved for . . .

Prof. Wilson's  
SWIMMING BATHS,

Manhattan Athletic Club Building,

MADISON AVE.



JOHN PATTERSON & CO.,

TAILORS & IMPORTERS,

Nos. 25 & 27 West 26th Street,

The Patterson Building.

NEW YORK.

*Ladies' Coats and Gowns a Specialty, also makers of the  
Latest Patent Riding Skirt.*

---

## AMERICAN AND FOREIGN TEACHERS' AGENCY

Supplies Colleges, Schools and Families with Professors, Teachers,  
Tutors and Governesses, resident or visiting, American or  
Foreign, Parents aided in choice of schools.

MRS. M. J. YOUNG-FULTON,

23 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

---

THE LAWS OF MASSACHUSETTS  
provide that EACH POLICY  
issued by the

BERKSHIRE  
LIFE INSURANCE

COMPANY,  
OF PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

shall have a definite surrender value in cash, or  
paid-up insurance available at the end of every  
year after two annual premiums have been paid.  
Thus the policy holders of the BERKSHIRE are ab-  
solutely secured against any loss, and thus every  
policy issued by the BERKSHIRE becomes practically  
an endowment, with its cash values available at  
the time of need. Ascertain what the BERKSHIRE  
can do for you by sending a postal card giving  
your age to

GEORGE W. ENGLISH,

Manager for New York and New Jersey,

253 Broadway, cor. of Murray St., New York.

RICHARDS & Co.,  
(LIMITED.)

Chemical and Philosophical  
Apparatus.

LABORATORY OUTFITS A SPECIALTY.

Microscopes and Accessories.

NEW YORK,

41 Barclay Street.

CHICAGO,

112-114 Lake Street.

Cider when Sound is a Wholesome, Agreeable  
and Refreshing Stimulant Beverage.



"ANCHOR BRAND"  
Sparkling  
Cider.

Order through any first-class  
Grocer.

In Cases of 1 doz. Qts.	=	=	\$3.25
In Cases of 2 doz. Pts.	=	=	3.75

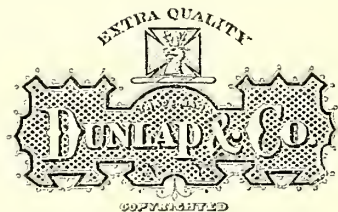
**MEINHOLD & HEINEMAN,**  
NEW YORK.

March 19, 1894.

Our stock for Spring and Summer of 1894 is now ready in all departments.

Brooks Brothers,  
Broadway, cor. 22d St.,  
New York City.

CLOTHING AND FURNISH-  
ING GOODS READY MADE  
AND MADE TO MEASURE.



# CELEBRATED HATS

AND

~Ladies' Round Hats and Bonnets, and the Dunlap Silk Umbrella.~

178 & 180 Fifth Ave., bet. 22d and 23d Sts., and 181 Broadway,  
near Cortlandt St., New York; Palmer House, Chicago;  
914 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Gold Medal Awarded, Paris Exposition, 1889.

Agencies in All Principal Cities.

**J. LAMB,**

**REPAIRS**

All kinds of Porcelain, Japan Ware, Toilet Articles, Statuary,  
Marbles, Fancy Vases and Alabasters.

All kinds of Works of Arts Neatly Repaired. Piece Replaced if Missing.

**No. 709 MADISON AVENUE,**

Near 63rd Street,

**NEW YORK.**

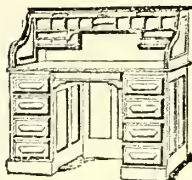
NO CONNECTION WITH ANY PERSON IN THE BUSINESS.

Dresden Clocks and Porcelain Tables Repaired,  
Wine Glasses and Goblets Blown Together.

ESTABLISHED OVER 30 YEARS IN NEW YORK.

**EMPIRE DESK CO.,**

**P. H. GROSS, Prop.**



Manufacturer and  
Dealer in

**ROLL TOP DESKS,  
CHAIRS, FILE CASES,  
Etc., Etc.**

OFFICES FURNISHED COMPLETE.

Largest stock, and lowest prices in New York City.  
Write for catalogue and prices.

**MANUFACTURER OF**

**SCHOONMAKER'S CELEBRATED**

**IRIS VIOLET WATER, IRIS VIOLET EXTRACT,**

**IRIS VIOLET TOILET SOAP,**

**DELICIOUS SODA WATER and PHOSPHATES.**

**F. W. SCHOONMAKER, MANUFACTURING CHEMIST,**

**42nd STREET and PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK.**

**RESERVED FOR**

**H. Fletcher Rivers,**

**MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB BUILDING,**

**NEW YORK.**

F. W. DEVOE & C. T. RAYNOLDS CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

# ARTISTS' MATERIALS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

F. W. DEVOE & CO.'S

Oil Colors in Tubes, Canvas, Brushes, Oils and Varnishes, Etc.,

COMMAND THE CONFIDENCE OF THE LEADING ARTISTS IN  
THE UNITED STATES.

FOR SALE BY ALL THE LEADING DEALERS.

F. W. DEVOE & C. T. RAYNOLDS CO.,

Fulton and William Streets,

=

=

=

NEW YORK.

C. T. SMITH,

MILK, CREAM,

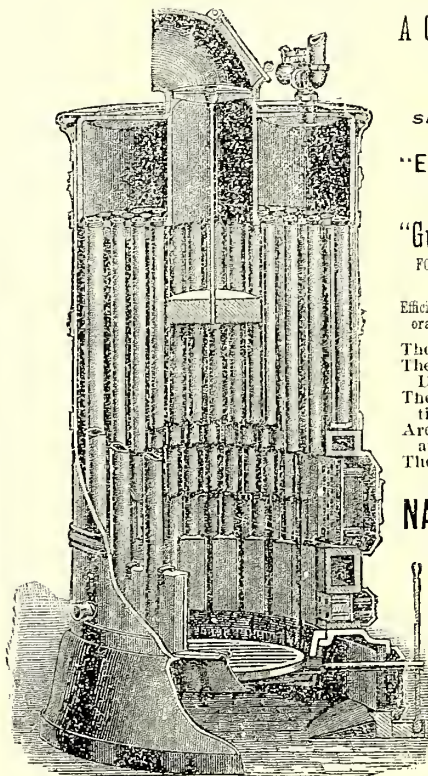
BUTTER and EGGS.

Families served with absolutely pure Milk at their  
Residences bet. 10th and 134th Sts. from  
2nd to 9th Aves.

Invalids and Children served with one  
Jersey Cow's Milk.

Bottles and Cans Steam Cleaned in the  
Country.

848 6th Avenue, S. E. Cor. 48th Street,  
NEW YORK.



A Comfortable House  
in Winter

AND

SMALL COAL BILLS

BY USING THE

"Equator" Boiler.

FOR STEAM HEATING

THE

"Gulf Stream" Boiler.

FOR HOT WATER HEATING.

"10 TO 1"

Efficiency, or 10 lbs. water evaporated per lb. of coal burned.

They are Self-Cleaning.  
They have Shaking and  
Dumping Grates.  
Their Circulation is Positive and Rapid.

Are Easily Erected, and  
are Automatic.

They are made and  
guaranteed by

**NASON MFG. CO.**

71 Beekman St.,  
NEW YORK.

A Treatise on the  
selection of a House-  
Heating Boiler sent  
free to any address  
upon application; also a Book of Estimate  
Blanks issued for use  
of contractors in  
keeping a complete  
record of all plants  
installed.

# ERRATA.

Page 10, line 17, read  $\tilde{o} \tau \iota \quad \tilde{\epsilon} \chi \omega$ .

Page 12, line 12, read *Sapere aude*.

Page 20, line 34, read *alumnæ*.





# THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

---

Published by the  
STUDENTS OF BARNARD COLLEGE.

---

NEW YORK.

MAY, 1894.

THIS  
THE FIRST NUMBER  
OF  
THE BARNARD ANNUAL,  
IS DEDICATED  
TO  
MRS. SETH LOW,  
BY THE  
BOARD OF EDITORS.

## Board of Editors.

HELEN BRIGHAM CROCKER, '94, *Chairman.*

ALICE LILLIE SELIGSBURG, '95,

ALINE CROQUET STRATFORD, '97,

ALICE GODDARD CHASE, '96,

CLARA LYDIA CLARKE, '96, *Sec'y.*

BERTHA STEELE VAN RIVER, '96, *Financial Manager.*

## Board of Illustrators.

GRATIA WHITED, '95,

ETTIE WALTER STETTHEIMER, '96,

MAUDE WILCOX, '97.



WE desire this, the first volume of the BARNARD ANNUAL, to be to the public an illustration of the life at our college, containing glimpses of its serious aspect and pictures of the pleasures without which even the most earnest workers cannot exist; to our fellow students we wish it to be a modern "*satura*" calling to their minds our happy college days.

If we shall have shown to others one mite of what our college is to us, we shall feel that we have repaid a small part of the great debt we owe to Barnard.

## Board of Trustees.

THE REV. ARTHUR BROOKS, D. D., *Chairman.*

MRS. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, *Vice-Chairman,*

HAMILTON W. MABIE, *Secretary,*

GEORGE A. PLIMPTON, *Treasurer.*

Mrs. Francis B. Arnold,  
Miss Helen Dawes Brown,  
The Rev. Arthur Brooks,  
Mrs. William C. Brownell,  
Silas B. Brownell, LL.D.,  
Mrs. George Canfield,  
Mrs. Joseph H. Choate,  
Frederic R. Coudert, LL.D.,  
Noah Davis, LL.D.,  
George Hoadly, LL.D.,  
Mrs. Seth Low.

Hamilton W. Mabie,  
Mrs. Alfred Meyer,  
Mrs. Henry F. Osborn,  
George A. Plimpton,  
Jacob H. Schiff,  
Mrs. James S. T. Stranahan,  
Mrs. James Talcott,  
The Rev. Roderick Terry, D.D.,  
Everett P. Wheeler,  
Miss Alice Williams,  
Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood.

## Associate Members.

Mrs. Robert Abbé,  
Mrs. Blanche Wilder Bellamy,  
Mrs. Calvin S. Brice,  
Mrs. Henry Clews,  
Miss Helen Gray Cone,  
Mrs. Winthrop Cowden,  
Mrs. Julien T. Davies,  
Mrs. John F. Dillon,  
Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge,  
Mrs. Charles Fairchild,  
Miss Jeannette L. Gilder,  
Mrs. Edwin L. Godkin,  
Mrs. Ahmon Goodwin,  
Mrs. James J. Goodwin,  
Mrs. Arnold Hague,  
Mrs. Henry Holt,  
Mrs. Alfred M. Hoyt,  
Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi,  
Mrs. Francis P. Kimicutt,  
Mrs. Charles Lanier,  
Mrs. Herman S. LeRoy.

Mrs. C. S. Longstreet,  
Mrs. Alexander Mitchell,  
Mrs. William Moir,  
Mrs. F. P. Olcott,  
Mrs. George Haven Putnam,  
Mrs. Roger A. Pryor,  
Mrs. Isaac L. Rice,  
Mrs. Daniel M. Rollins,  
Mrs. C. A. Runkel,  
Miss Agathe Schurz,  
Mrs. Augustus D. Shepard,  
Mrs. Roswell P. Smith,  
Mrs. Algernon Sullivan,  
Mrs. A. B. Stone,  
Mrs. Louis Tiffany,  
Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson,  
Miss Amy Townsend,  
Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer,  
Mrs. Henry Villard,  
Mrs. Edward Winslow,  
Mrs. Lorenzo G. Woodhouse.

## Founders.

Mr. Jacob H. Schiff,  
Mrs. James J. Goodwin,  
Mr. James Talcott,

Mrs. Seth Low,  
Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan,  
Mrs. Esther Herman,

Mr. J. M. Fiske.

# COMMITTEES.

## House Committee.

Mrs. Francis B. Arnold,  
Mrs. James Talcott,

Mrs. John F. Dillon,  
Mrs. F. P. Olcott.

## Finance Committee.

George A. Plimpton,  
Jacob H. Schiff,  
Mrs. George Haven Putnam,

Mrs. Joseph H. Choate,  
Mrs. Seth Low,  
Mrs. Alfred Meyer,  
Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan.

## Scholarship Committee.

Miss Helen Dawes Brown,  
Mrs. James Talcott,  
Mrs. Francis P. Kimicutt,

Miss Alice Williams,  
Mrs. C. A. Runkel,  
Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge,  
Mrs. Henry Holt.

## Press Committee.

Mrs. Henry F. Osborn,

Mrs. Alfred Meyer,  
Mrs. C. A. Runkel.

## Academic Committee.

The Rev. Arthur Brooks, D.D.,  
Mrs. Henry F. Osborn,

Mrs. Seth Low,  
Mrs. William Brownell,  
Hamilton W. Mabie.

## Executive Committee.

Mrs. Joseph H. Choate,  
Miss Helen Dawes Brown,  
Mrs. Alfred Meyer,  
Silas B. Brownell, LL.D.,

Hamilton W. Mabie,  
The Rev. Arthur Brooks, D.D.,  
George A. Plimpton,  
Mrs. Henry F. Osborn.

## Chaplains.

The Rev. Arthur Brooks, D.D.,

The Rev. Edward Coe, D.D.,

The Rev. Roderick Terry, D.D.,

The Rev. C. C. Tiffany, D.D.,

The Rev. Walpole Warren, D.D.

## Faculty of Barnard College

---

THE REV. ARTHUR BROOKS, D. D.,  
Chairman of the Faculty.

EUGENE HOWARD BABBITT, A. B.,  
Germanic Languages.

CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN, A. M., PH. D.,  
Literature and Rhetoric.

EDWIN MORTIMER BLAKE, PH. D.,  
Mathematics.

GEORGE R. CARPENTER, A. B.,  
Rhetoric.

FRANK MOORE COLBY, A. M.,  
History.

MORTIMER LAMSON EARLE, A. M., PH. D.,  
Greek.

THOMAS SCOTT FISKE, A. M., PH. D.,  
Mathematics.

EMILY L. GREGORY, B. L., PH. D.,  
Botany.

JAMES HYSLOP, PH. D.,  
Logic and Ethics.

A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON, A. M., L. N. D., PH. D.,  
English.

CHARLES KNAPP, A. M., PH. D.,  
Latin.

JAMES MACLAY, C. E.,  
Mathematics.

NELSON G. MCCREA, A. M., PH. D.,  
Latin.

CARLO L. SPERANZA, LL. B., A. M.,  
Romance Languages.

ERNEST R. VON NARDROFF, E. M.,  
Physics.

HERMANN T. VULTÉ, PH. D.,  
Chemistry.

ARTHUR WILLEY, B. Sc.,  
Zoology.

BENJAMIN DURYEA WOODWARD, B. ES. L., A. M., PH. D.,  
Romance Languages.

N. W. LIGGETT, A. B.,  
Registrar.



## DEPARTMENT OF GRADUATE WORK.

---

Banta, Effie, B. A., Wellesley,	Brooklyn.
Barney, Elizabeth, B. A., Columbia, Collegiate Course for Women,	Litchfield, Conn.
Clark, Mabel P., M. A., Bryn Mawr,	New York City.
Corliss, Florence, B. A., Smith,	Englewood, N. J.
Emerson, Ruth, B. A., Bryn Mawr,	New York City.
Grieve, Lucia Graeme, M. A., Wellesley,	" "
Hepburn, Emily, B. S., St. Lawrence University,	" "
Howell, Jean Kirk, Ph. B., M. S., Cornell,	" "
Levy, Laura Grace, B. A., Columbia, Barnard College,	" "
Pearson, Agnes, B. S., Cornell,	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Pettit, Anna Stockton, B. S., St. Lawrence University,	New York City.
Pinney, Grace, B. A., Bryn Mawr,	" "
Potter, Lydia Van Housan, B. A., Michigan, M. A., Columbia,	" "
Pullman, Mary Stuart, B. A., Columbia, Barnard College,	" "
Rudolph, Adelaide, B. A., Hiram,	" "
Sands, Georgiana, B. A., Vassar,	" "
Sebing, Emma Goodeve, B. A., Smith,	" "
Southworth, Effie Almira, B. S., Michigan,	" "
Stabler, Louise Merritt, B. A., Columbia, Barnard College,	Brooklyn.

## THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

### Senior Class.

To tell of the many virtues of the Class of Ninety-four would be a task requiring all the pages of the future numbers of the BARNARD ANNUAL till some distant date—say until the college removes to Bloomingdale. Moreover, this boasting tone would be entirely out of harmony with the retiring spirit of the class, for, from the time of entering college, we have steadily endeavored to efface ourselves and to hide our shining light under the bushel of a shy and unobtrusive demeanor. That our efforts have met with well-earned success may be inferred from the remark of a Freshman, who, after being a few weeks at Barnard, said to one of us, "Are you really a Senior? I didn't know there were any at Barnard!"

Much to our satisfaction, we were not the first but the second class to enter Barnard College. We thus escaped the responsibility of the greatness thrust upon our predecessors, the illustrious Class of Ninety-three, while we could still pride ourselves upon being among the pioneers of "the first fully affiliated woman's college." Our number, the historic and mythic seven, has remained constant throughout the four years.

I met a clever Barnard maid

(She would not tell her age),

Her bearing mild, her manner staid,

Her look both bright and sage.

"How many class-mates, Barnard maid,

I pray you, may there be?"

"How many? We are seven," she said,

And smiling looked at me.

"And who are they? I pray you, tell."

She answered, "Seven are we,

And two of us can read Greek well,

And two write poetry.

Two of us work both day and night

On mathematic lore,

And one who walks by Ethics' light,  
Confesses it a bore."

We chose the violet for our class flower, as most emblematic of our nature, but considered ourselves quite good enough already to dispense with the luxury of living up to a motto. Someone, however, applied to us the pat phrase of Pope, "Good without noise," and the epithet has clung ever since.

It seems rather paradoxical that we should have been the first class to make the experiment of going to certain recitations at Columbia in our Senior year. To tell the truth, it cost us a pang to overcome our natural diffidence. We looked forward aghast to finding ourselves surrounded in class by thirty or forty men, and the prospect of reciting before them fairly staggered us. Judge, then, of our relieved surprise when five of us went up to Columbia for the first recitation and found in the class only one man! The reaction from our previous fears was so great that we felt ready to face any number of men after that.

As far as we are concerned, the experiment has been wholly successful, though it has dispelled some of our preconceived notions of the scholarship of Columbia men. From comparisons often previously made between our work and theirs, we had been gradually flattered into the belief that the men never opened a book until three minutes before the recitation, that they were exclusively devoted to the use of "trots," and that their English essays were always unintelligible. We had looked forward to the effect of our silent influence to lead our brothers from the error of their ways and to stimulate them to more scholarly methods. But alas for the hopes of the would-be reformer! We discovered, to our chagrin, that our erring brothers remembered all the

## THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

things we had forgotten since our Freshman days, and much midnight oil has since been spilled in our ambitious attempt to keep pace with them.

The less said about the Senior theses the better, save as a warning to others. The momentous 15th of March was survived, and, now that (as we fondly hope) only a few weeks separate us from our Bachelor's degree, we feel moved to give a few words of advice, gleaned from our own experience, to those who are to follow us. First, O ye Seniors of the future, do not for a moment entertain the idea that the Senior year is a sinecure. Do not be so misguided as to choose electives that will require six essays apiece during the term. On the contrary,

be wisely prodigal and practise no petty economies in the matter of midnight oil. Bear in mind that

"The heights by Seniors reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were writing theses in the night."

Above all, "*Beware the Ides of March.*"

In closing, the Class of Ninety-four wish for all succeeding classes the same harmonious relations with the college officers, the same affectionate sympathy with one another, the same spirit of loyalty to the Alma Mater that have attended their own modest course.

### IV. YEAR CLASS.

#### VIOLET—The Violet.

President,	AGNES IRWIN.
Vice-President,	ELIZA JONES.
Secretary,	EVANGELINE ROLLINSON BRIDGART.
Treasurer,	ESTELLA DEMAREST.
Bridgart, Evangeline Rollinson,	Jersey City
Bryson, Ella Fitzgerald,	New York City
Crocker, Helen Brigham,	" "
Demarest, Estella,	Nanuet, N. Y.
Irwin, Agnes,	New York City
Jones, Eliza,	Brooklyn
Landau, Laura,	"



## THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

### Junior Class.

Three years of mingled sweetness and bitterness we have passed within the loved halls of Barnard College. What hard-won wisdom and experience have been gained in that time! The days of abject despair are over. Gone are the hours when the work was beyond our ability, and dread instructors frightened away the few ideas left us when we reached the class-room. Now, no work is too hard—now, no longer can an instructor inspire us with awe. When a class has arrived at such a state in its career what need is there for self-praise?

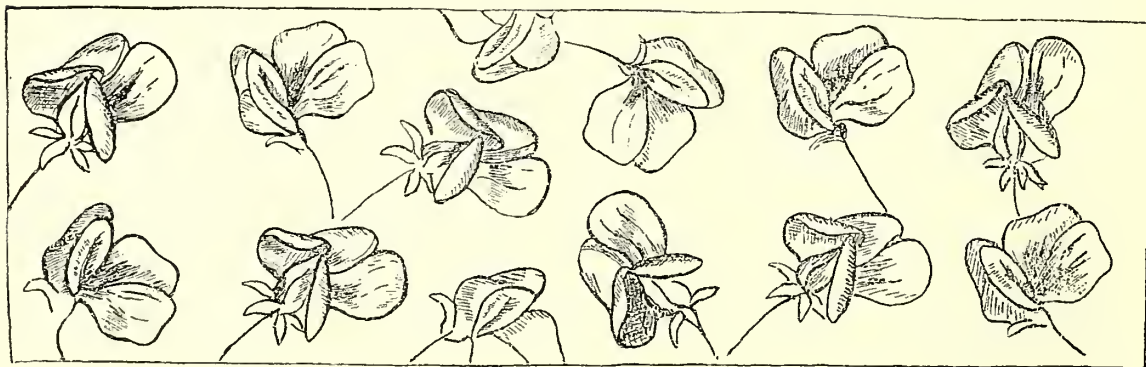
Freshmen think they own not only the college, but the universe. The Sophomores, however, vigorously dispute this claim. As for the Seniors—every one realizes their greatness. This is their hour of triumph. Now they rule their little world, but next year they may be unheard of in the vaster world. Then, perhaps, no one will consider them, now they are the cynosures of all eyes. But the Juniors, the happy Juniors, have become so great that it is in truth unnecessary for them to praise themselves. All the world sees that they are the one and only class with both a glorious past and a glorious future.

### III. YEAR CLASS.

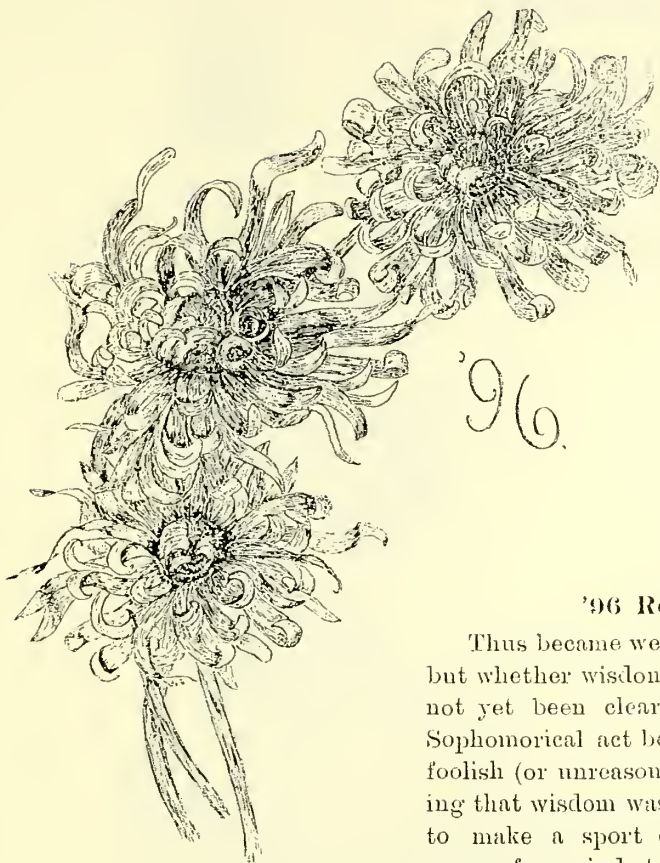
*ὄρυ ἐχῶ*

#### ROSE COLOR—The Sweet Pea.

President,	FLORENCE COLGATE.
Vice-President,	MAY HINTON POLLOCK.
Secretary,	ANTONIE JUNGE.
Treasurer,	CELESTE SWENSON.
Historian,	ALICE LILLIE SELIGSBURG.
Brombacher, Caroline Garnar,	Brooklyn
Bryant, Elizabeth Eggleston,	New York City
Colgate, Florence,	" "
Lockwood, Louise Benedict,	Stamford, Conn.
Parsons, Mabel,	New York City
Pollock, May Hinton,	" "
Seligsborg, Alice Lillie,	" "
Swenson, Celeste,	Flushing, N. Y.
Whithed, Gratia,	New York City







#### '96 Reflecteth on Her Character.

Thus became we Sophomores, wise fools, as tradition averreth, but whether wisdom or foolishness doth most predominate hath not yet been clearly proven. In diverse manners hath our first Sophomorical act been construed, some maintaining it absurdly foolish (or unreasonable, which is near akin thereto), others avowing that wisdom was our guide. For inasmuch as we did refuse to make a sport of the youth of the lower classmen, but were of a mind to befriend them and show ourselves kindly disposed unto them, have we, it seemeth, given exceeding offense unto our elders. It grieveth us sorely to be so misunderstood, but this reflection doth calm our perturbed souls,—that seldom doth a reform bring praise to him who would first introduce it. The words of the poet do also comfort us, "*Exstincti amabimur.*"

Surely, knowledge maketh one familiar even with the gods and bringeth him to despise what he did formerly revere ; so are those things once esteemed by us wonderful and mysterious become easily apprehended in the bright light of that truth and wisdom which now daily filleth our souls. Trigonometry enableth us to defy the mighty sun, aye, even to measure his

greatness. Rhetoric disseeth every treatise, teacheth us, also, what appeals do touch a man's heart, and what his reason. The unapproachable wisdom of Socrates's self now seemeth mere folly and vanity. So doth knowledge, "*presertim cautum dignus adsumere,*" in that she hath enrolled us in the number of her friends, establish our belief that wisdom, not foolishness, is our character.

But one doubt remaineth which suffereth us not to make loud boast of our powers. That official test which beareth the title, Final Examinations, and which occurreth in May, will separate the chaff from the wheat, and prove us whether we be wise or foolish.

# THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

## II. YEAR CLASS.

*Sapire audes.*

### YELLOW.—Chrysanthemum.

President,	ANNA COLE MELLICK.
Vice-President,	ALICE GODDARD CHASE.
Secretary,	MARY ROGERS ROPER.
Treasurer,	CLARA REBECCA MELTZER.
Historian,	JESSIE MAY WENDOVER.
Chase, Alice Goddard,	Brooklyn
Clarke, Clara Lydia,	Orange, N. J.
Clews, Elsie,	New York City
Hammerslough, Carrie,	" "
Harris, May Bradford,	Flushing, N. Y.
Hart, Ada Hinde,	New York City
Junge, Antonie,	Brooklyn
Kinsila, Juliet,	Port Jervis, N. Y.
Mellick, Anna Cole,	Montclair, N. J.
Meltzer, Clara Rebecca,	New York City
Place, Louise,	" "
Potter, Eva Sherwood,	Brooklyn
Roper, Mary Rogers,	Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Stettheimer, Ettie Walter,	New York City
Stone, Mary,	Brooklyn
Sutphen, Anne Janet,	Newark, N. J.
Uppercu, Lillian,	New York City
Van Riper, Bertha Steele,	Brooklyn
Wendover, Jessie May,	Newark, N. J.
Wolff, Gertrude.	New York City.





Since the Freshman year of the class of '97 is now nearly passed, we are all exercised in mind by the thought of the coming examinations. But the test which shall determine whether we are to advance to the enjoyment of a Sophomoric existence does not make us utterly dismayed, firstly, because at mid year we passed a similar ordeal, and again, since at present we possess a marvellous and unlimited supply of knowledge. Such a statement as the last will inevitably be challenged, but we are only too glad to produce our proof of it. To enter upon a generous and detailed explanation, however, would be an arduous and unnecessary task; for even the most cursory review that we may give must needs convince the sceptic of our unparalleled brilliancy.

Assuming that she who has rounded out eight full months at Barnard can endure to recollect her early attempts to climb the tree of knowledge, pray what limb did she first grasp? The guardian

of her secrets, the class historian, would reply with excellent seriousness and high truth that our maiden plucked the fruit at once, and we should unhesitatingly corroborate her statement. We have delved into the mysterious "de Mysteriis." The secret of the only correct Latin pronunciation of a cultivated Roman, a dignified Roman, of the Ciceronian-Augustan Age is guarded by everyone of us, lest the precious, evanescent possession might break its bonds and flee to the ghostly realms from which it was conjured up. *Dis gratias* it still abides with us. Mathematics has become plain to some of us; to others it has not. It is astonishing what tricks an innocent looking equation can contain. To differentiate the real from the unreal, the known from the unknown, and to fathom the curious relations existing between variables and their limits cause some of us to succumb.

But we have not been stupid enough to waste our verdancy upon a discussion of the value of non-Euclidian Geometry, or upon a consideration of a scientific, yet artful Rhetoric. We have had time to discover why the parrot instead of Pallas's owl is the patron bird of Barnard. We have learned how to enter Columbia's library without being laughed at more than an infinite number of times. Nay, some have even discovered Bohn's library. Then, besides attending the classic dramas given at college, helping Santa Claus to find his way to that mysterious house, which is not lost in great New York, since it stands next to Dard's, and preserving an exact and meritorious proportion between cuts and attendance at recitations, we have had time to invent a yell,

Zip donner nacher!                      Hoorah, Hyrah,  
Zip come 'leven,                              Barnard, '97!

and to choose a motto, which, we flatter ourselves, is faithfully representative of the spirit of our age. He who is far astray may paraphrase our exquisite Euripidean line as, "Even woman has a show." But we, the class of '97, are content to ignore that vile insinuation, and seeking all truth to pass happily on,

ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἐστὶν μοῦσα καὶ ἡμῖν.

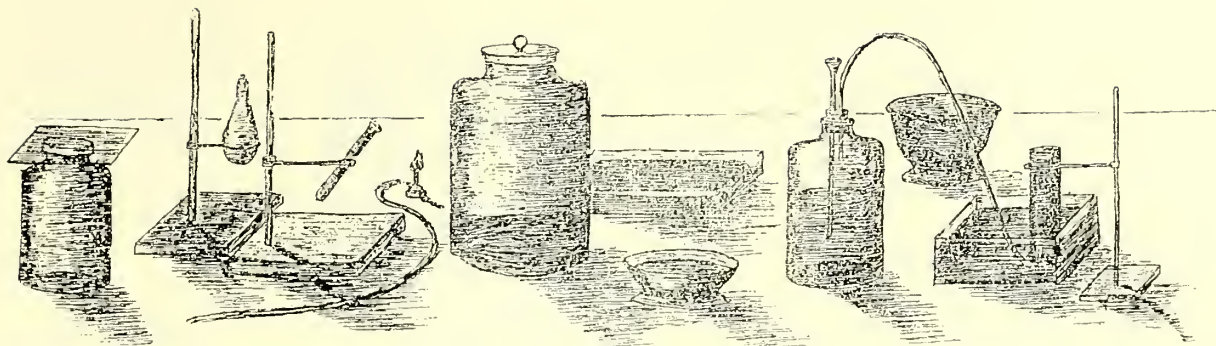
# THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

## I. YEAR CLASS.

*ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἔστιν μοῦσα καὶ ἡμῖν*

CRIFISON.—Jacqueminot Rose.

President,	ADALINE CASWELL WHEELOCK.
Vice-President,	ADELAIDE WELLS BROWN.
Secretary,	MARY BERGMANN DOBBS.
Treasurer,	CORDELIA ALMA HALL.
Baldwin, Agnes	Newark, N. J.
Bloomington, Rosalie Stanton,	New York City.
Brown, Adelaide Wells,	Brooklyn.
Bucknam, Edith Phœbe,	"
Deming, Grace,	Williamsbridge, N. Y.
Dobbs, Mary Bergmann,	New York City.
Dowden, Florence,	Newark, N. J.
Eddy, Marie,	New York City.
Elkus, Estelle,	" "
Fenton, Grace,	" "
Ferry, Alice Medora,	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Fletcher, Priscilla,	Brooklyn.
Hall, Cordelia Alma,	New York City.
Hobbs, Bertha,	East Orange, N. J.
Matthews, Myra,	Orange, N. J.
Osborne, Eleanor Frances,	New York City.
Sackett, Edith Helen,	" "
Shaw, Louise,	Hackensack, N. J.
Stratford, Aline Croquet,	Brooklyn.
Sumner, Anne Porter,	New York City.
Tanzer, Helen Henrietta,	" "
Wallack, Gertrude,	" "
Whelock, Adaline Caswell,	" "
Wilcox, Maude.	Pelham Manor, N. Y.



Although the irregular students of any institution are generally considered to be those who, from one reason or another, are not pursuing the prescribed course of study, and in consequence are rather looked down upon by the lofty under-graduates, the idea has at last been conceived that those designated as "specials," are in reality a superior order of beings who, because of their brilliant intellect and rare attributes, are set apart and above the regular classes of students—at least, this is the opinion held by the "specials" themselves.

That the "specials" of Barnard College are placed above the regular students is, however, literally true, as anyone who daily wends her way to the third or fourth floor would be ready to affirm with as much quickness and despatch, as that with which a really bright and intelligent man puts his signature to the petition to be presented to the State Convention in May.

The third floor is the destination of the Chemistry student, and here, in an atmos-

phere impregnated with chlorine, nitrous and sulphurous fumes, the latter in so large a proportion as to be unpleasantly suggestive, the devotees to science toil away. Good, independent work is done. The student learns for herself. There is no unnecessary explanation, no undue amplification of methods for work.

The student in Botany goes to the fourth floor. Here the same atmosphere of work (minus the suffocating fumes!) is found, and a dignified silence is maintained during laboratory hours. The special students are as much in earnest as any of the under-graduates, and earnestness is one of the first requisites to successful work.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the special students enter so little into the life of the college. Perhaps an organization among themselves would bring them more into sympathy, primarily with one another, and finally, with the life and aims of the college as a unit.

## THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

### DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

Atwater, Jane Leonard,	Brooklyn.
Bryson, Lorraine Marguerite,	New York City.
Burnett, Katherine Cleveland,	" "
Collins, Anna Eaton,	Brooklyn.
Dow, Bertha McLane,	New York City.
Dunn, Florence Louise,	Jamaica, L. I.
Elder, Harriett Bigelow,	Pittsfield, Mass.
Flynn, M. Gertrude,	New York City.
Foote, Anna Ellen,	" "
Hunt, Ellen Alzina,	" "
Knight, Mary,	" "
Knorr, Rosa,	" "
Kraemer, Henry,	" "
Locke, Anna Mary,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Menkin, Ray,	New York City.
Parsons, Mary,	Reading, Pa.
Shadell, Estelle,	"
Shlaughnessy, Teresa Cecilia,	Thompsonville, Conn.
Sturges, Kate Bronson,	Englewood, N. J.
Taylor, Alexandrina,	Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Waterson, Ada,	New York City.
Wessells, Helen Doremus,	" "

### DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY.

Appleton, Mary,	Nutley, N. J.
Ely, Grace Genevieve,	New York City.
Knorr, Rosa,	" "
More, Mary B.,	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Rotau, Antoinette,	New York City.
Thomson, Mary,	" "
Van Everen, Grace Abbie,	Brooklyn.

### UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION of BARNARD COLLEGE.

Established 1893.

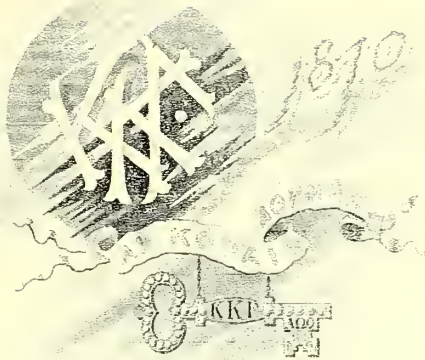
President,	AGNES IRWIN, '94.
Vice-President,	HELEN BRIGHAM CROCKER, '94.
Secretary,	CAROLINE GARNAR BROMBACHER, '95.
Treasurer,	CLARA LYDIA CLARKE, '96.

#### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

	Eliza J. Jones, '94, Chairman.	
Gratia Whithed, '95	Bertha M. Hobbs, '97.	May Bradford Harris, '96.

#### SELF-GOVERNMENT COMMITTEE.

'94.—Evangeline Rollinson Bridgart, Chairman,	Eliza J. Jones.
'95.—May Hinton Pollock,	Louise B. Lockwood.
'96.—Louise Place,	Mary M. Stone.
'97.—Edith Helen Sackett,	Estelle Elkus.



1870





THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

THE NOVEL CLUB.

---

Established 1894.

---

SWENSON, CELESTE, Trustee,	PARSONS, MABEL, Treasurer.
Brombacher, Caroline Garnar,	Parsons, Mabel,
Bryant, Elizabeth,	Pollock, May Hinton,
Colgate, Florence,	Seligsborg, Alice Lillie,
Junge, Antonie,	Swenson, Celeste,
Lockwood, Louise.	Whithed, Gratia.

THE HAP=HAZARD.

---

ALICE GODDARD CHASE,	Executive Officer.
Chase, Alice Goddard,	Place, Louise,
Clarke, Clara Lydia,	Potter, Eva Sherwood,
Clews, Elsie,	Roper, Mary Rogers,
Collins, Anna Eaton,	Stettheimer, Ettie Walter,
Hammerslough, Carrie,	Stone, Mary,
Harris, May Bradford,	Stratford, Aline Croquet,
Hart, Ada Hinde,	Sutphen, Anne Janet,
Hunt, Ellen Alzina,	Uppercu, Lillian.
Kinsila, Juliet,	Van Everen, Grace Abbie,
Mellick, Anna Cole,	Van Riper, Bertha Steele,
Meltzer, Clara Rebecca,	Wendover, Jessie May,
Junge, Antonie.	Wolff, Gertrude.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

---

Chairman,	ALINE CROQUET STRATFORD.
Secretary and Treasurer,	ADELAIDE WELLS BROWN.
Baldwin, Agnes,	Matthews, Myra,
Bloomingdale, Rosalie Stanton,	Osborne, Eleanor Frances,
Brown, Adelaide Wells,	Shaw, Louise,
Bucknam, Edith Phoebe,	Sumner, Anne Porter,
Dobbs, Mary Bergmann,	Stratford, Aline Croquet,
Dowden, Florence,	Tanzer, Helen H.,
Elkus, Estelle,	Wallach, Gertrude,
Fletcher, Priscilla,	Wheelock, Adaline Caswell,

Wilcox, Maude.

THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

BETA EPSILON CHAPTER

— OF —

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA.

Established 1891.

—1894—

Agnes Irwin,	Eliza J. Jones,
Helen Brigham Crocker,	Laura Landau,
Ella Fitzgerald Bryson.	

—1895.—

Gratia Whithed,	Florence Colgate,
Louise Benedict Lockwood,	Mabel Parsons,
Caroline Gannar Brombacher.	

—1896.—

Antonie Junge,	Mary Rogers Roper.
----------------	--------------------

—1897.—

Mary Bergmann Dobbs,	Adaline Caswell Wheelock.
----------------------	---------------------------

Kappa Kappa Gamma.

In the year 1870, at Monmouth, Ill., was organized the fraternity of Kappa Kappa Gamma, whose members now outnumber those of any other fraternity. The names of many prominent women are included in its ranks, among whom we may mention Julia Ward Howe, Eliza Putnam Heaton, Prudence Arnett, Mary A. Livermore, Lucy E. Wight, Mary B. Jewett, E. Jane Nebou, Kate Shelby, and Emily Hudson Burnham, the Grand President. In all, its chapters, including the active and inactive ones, number more than forty. There are four hundred and fifty active members, and more than sixteen hundred alumna.

Since its beginning, the fraternity has been remarkable for energy and zeal. No better illustration of this can be given

than the first Pan Hellenic Convention, which was brought about mainly through the efforts of Kappa Kappa Gamma. Delegates from all the women's fraternities met at Boston in 1891, and the convention was so successful that it was followed by another at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

There is a magazine, "The Key," published quarterly, a Calendar also, and a Directory. There is also a song-book, the second edition of which will presently be issued. The colors of the fraternity are light blue and dark blue; the flower is the fleur-de-lis; the stone, the sapphire; the badge, a gold key.

The Beta Epsilon chapter was founded at Barnard College in 1891, the members of the first class of the college, '93, becoming charter members of the fraternity. It still remains the only secret society at Barnard.

## Barnard College.

THREE years ago, at the National Council of Women held in Washington, I believe I stood quite alone in claiming for the affiliated college the essential principles of both the coeducational college and the separate college for women. And this in the face of the Western educator who boasted that "those bright, enthusiastic, large-brained, and big-hearted young women of the West, those young women who have in their eyes the distant horizons of their prairie homes, will have nothing to do with annexes."

The world progresses: last year one of the leading women in the educational world included the affiliated college among "the three tolerably clear, consistent, and accredited types of education." For which we are truly grateful.

I can well imagine that the being who first called the spirit of Compromise into the world was preparing for himself a great surprise. Where he intended only to escape violent opposition, he found to his chagrin that he must also renounce enthusiastic support. At best the only platform open to him is one of courteous indifference. For instance, the founder of the affiliated college system doubtless flattered himself with the thought that he should win all sides, for (would he argue) "we abolish the actual contact of the sexes in the class-room, which is the criticism aimed against the coeducational system; and we maintain the educational standards of the old, established institutions, in the failure to do which lies the weakness of the separate college for women." But alas! the coeducationalists vigorously oppose the separation of the sexes, and the believers in the separate college wax equally wroth at the acknowledged dependence upon a college for men.

Nevertheless, as I take it, the true essential of the coeducational college is the identity of standard, not the identity of sex. I never could really believe that the boast of the coeducational college could be that the men and the women receive their instruction at precisely the same instant, and in precisely the same class-room. Surely I am right in maintaining that the important point is that the *instruction is the same*. Therefore the coeducational college and the affiliated college are working hand in hand for the preservation of one educational standard for both men and women.

And in the same way, I never could bring myself to believe that the essential principle of the separate college for women could be to prove that women can get along very well without men, or that women can succeed in securing for themselves magnificent buildings and large endowments. To me the true essential of the separate woman's college is the simplification of the social machinery—the consideration of certain influences and questions that do not belong to intellectual or educational training alone. And in this we find the affiliated college joining hands with the separate college for women.

Barnard College is the most highly developed type of the affiliated system existing to-day, her graduates receiving at the hands of the parent University the same recognition that it gives to its own graduates. It seems simple enough to explain that Barnard College is nothing more than a machinery existing for the purpose of extending to women the privileges of Columbia College; that educationally it *is* Columbia College, its only separate existence being executive and financial. And yet it is in reality the most difficult thing in the world to have the educational identity of the two in-

stitutions really understood. For instance, I was introduced the other day (by an Associate Member of Barnard College) to a young lady who "was registered at Barnard College, but who was not a Barnard student as she was working for a Columbia degree." I did my best to convince the speaker and the student that there existed no other kind of Barnard student than the kind described—that a graduate of Barnard wins the Columbia degree or fails to graduate from Barnard—and yet it was quite impossible to dispossess the young lady of the notion that it sounded more distinguished to proclaim herself a student of Columbia *registered* at Barnard! It was absurdly petty, if you will, and I trust it is an exceptional instance, yet it shows the general lack of appreciation of the fact that a student of Barnard College means nothing more nor less than a female student of Columbia. President Low, in his Annual Report for 1893, says :

"It will be noticed that the degree of A.B. was conferred for the first time upon a graduating class from Barnard College. These young ladies have the right to feel that they are as well entitled to the degree as any of the men upon whom it has been bestowed in Columbia's long history."

Indeed, I am not so sure but, if one considers the crowded and uncomfortable condition of the Barnard class-rooms, lunch-room, and study, and the half-hook doled out in the cloak-room to the daintiest of bonnets, one might not assume that these young ladies have *more* than earned that right! However, we are sure that it is only a question of a short time before Barnard will offer the physical as well as the educational advantages of Columbia.

To go back to history, the influences that led to the foundation of Barnard Col-

lege are the same that led to the foundation of the affiliated colleges in England. First, we find chaos—a certain amount of instruction presumably, but no standard whereby to judge it—a total lack of aim, of purpose ; second, we find a demand for a fixed standard ; third, the standard is set by the extension to women of the University examinations ; fourth, the standard once set, it is found impossible to attain it without adequate and special instruction ; fifth, and last, a college is founded in order to provide this instruction.

The year 1885 is the date of Columbia's first effort to clear away the chaos of woman's educational opportunities in New York. The Columbia degree was offered to any woman that could pass for four years the required examinations. Those were days of heroic trial, of patient endeavor, of rare fortitude on the part of the women of New York, as I have good reason to know. But it was soon acknowledged that even the superiority of the feminine mind could not make of eight examinations an adequate substitute for four years of college life with all that it means. Therefore in the autumn of 1888 a memorial was prepared and presented to the Trustees of Columbia College, not asking for coeducation, as had been urged by previous petitions to the Board, but for "official sanction to a Society for the Instruction of Women by the Professors and Other Instructors of Columbia College under a management entirely satisfactory to your honorable Board."

The Memorial was approved by the Trustees of Columbia February, 1889, and the Society went to work without delay to secure funds and a house. In July, 1889, it was incorporated by the Regents of New York State as Barnard College, and the following October its doors were opened to a



Freshman class of eight students. The ladder was raised, making accessible the dizzy heights of the academic degree.

*Before us chaos!* Will that recall the celebrated prophecy of royal egotism? Well, I shall not erase it. Certainly it is not too much to say that the establishment of Barnard College has immensely simplified and rationalized the education of women in New York. Ask the schoolmistress to tell you of the uncertainty, the confusion, and the lack of direction existing in the girls' schools of New York during the period of ante-Barnard days. In the trenchant language of one who has gone from us, and who is sadly missed, "The idea of education for women in New York city seemed to be to study French and music forever and ever, and to add other things if possible."

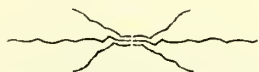
The head of a well-known girls' school writes of the influence exerted by the presence of Barnard College: "There is now evident in the schools a purpose to form, not a complete structure of frail if graceful proportions, but a durable foundation for future building."

Now, just a word on that historic first class of Barnard. As the poverty of a judge is the best proof of his honesty, so the smallness of this class was the best proof of Barnard's integrity, of her determination to exert a real and beneficial influence upon woman's education in New York. We look back with a wonder "that is akin to awe"

when we realize the heroism of this decision. Think of the temptation to prove our right to be by big classes, and overflowing rooms! It was truly pathetic to observe the effect of years of chaos upon the current notions of women's education. It was an every-day occurrence to refuse applicants for the post-graduate courses who could not have qualified for entrance into the Freshman class. More and more, through bitter discouragements, did Barnard realize that in her firmness lay her only possible salvation—the only possibility of bringing system and order into "confusion worse confounded." Five years have passed, and it is a delight to compare the intelligent, clear inquiries made at the office to-day with the faltering, vague, impossible ones that poured in at the beginning. People seem to understand what we are aiming at; women prepare quietly and come before us ready for their examinations; schools co-operate gladly and without friction. We have earned a place, and we mean to fill it.

It is impossible in these few pages to give any adequate idea of the difficulties that beset the early days of Barnard. Enthusiasm, Self-sacrifice, Disinterestedness, Generosity, Faith, Hope, and Courage—these have all played their great part in the struggle. It is a heritage which the Barnard student may well be proud of, may well cherish as a sacred incentive to the higher life.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.



THE BARNARD ANNUAL.



---

*IN MEMORIAM.*

***ELLA WEED,***

*DIED JANUARY 10, 1894.*

---



## Ella Weed.

ELLA WEED, to whom the working organization of Barnard College is due, was graduated from Vassar College in 1873. As a child she was not strong and so was not sent to school until after she was ten years old, but she had already developed a vigorous taste for reading, having had the advantage of "tumbling about in a library," as Dr. Holmes says, and at sixteen she was prepared for the Freshman class of Vassar, and further, had read all the Latin required for the Freshman year. At college she held an equal rank in class work and in all those outside interests in which fellow students and classmates are at the same time judges and competitors. Especially in the Delta Chapter of the college literary society to which she belonged did she take an important and representative position, gaining in its service fertility of resource and command of her own powers, and an exercise and transmutation of the ideas awakened and knowledge acquired from week to week, and year to year, in the regular curriculum.

The last address that Ella Weed made to the Associate Alumne of Vassar last June was upon the practical advantages of this society to the Vassar student in giving an outlet for activity of the mind, a chance to react upon that received, and in checking the tendency to mere receptivity and passivity, which is the natural danger, the real unpracticalness of a college training, of which we hear so much, and which is much more of a danger in women's colleges than in men's, owing to fewer outside interests during the college life. The striking qualities of her own mind were activity and balance, and she instinctively sought what furthered these, first in her own student life and later in that of those to whom she was a guide.

Her educational work began with the

first year after her graduation, when she was offered an important position in a girls' school in Springfield, Ohio, in connection with Mrs. Worthington. She was wont to say she learned of Mrs. Worthington all she knew of teaching—a most happy meeting, then, of teacher and taught, for she was as quick to impart as she was to receive, and in her later work those best fitted by personal knowledge to judge counted her influence over the bright, young minds just beginning her own profession of teaching as not the least important part of her influence. She had a large-hearted, easy generosity of character that made her quick to acknowledge and to render aid, and with her openness and impressionability, life for her was a constant give and take.

After seven or eight years of successful work in Springfield, domestic and personal considerations caused her return to her home in Newburgh for a year of rest. She was likely at that time to have turned to literary pursuits, having finished a bright novel, "A Foolish Virgin," but the imperious need of work, imposed upon her by her restless brain, urged her into activity before she had regained strength enough for a new initiative. Work she needed, but it had to be work to which she was already accustomed and which should afford her the rest of accustomed routine. She, therefore, accepted a place as teacher in Miss Mackay's school, where she had been prepared for college.

In 1884 she entered Miss Annie Brown's school, in New York City, as head of the day school. Here, as in Springfield, although teaching was a large part of her work, the most original, permanent and personal part was on the administrative and organizing side in deciding what should be the aim and scope of the curriculum. To

this work she brought matured thought and experience, and though she would have been the last to claim anything of finality for what she did, she yet knew what was the next step then needed to be taken and how to simplify and strengthen the ordinary course of studies, and while strengthening the course to lessen the physical strain upon the student, and the mental irritability involved in pursuing too great a variety of subjects.

When Barnard College was established, Miss Weed was one of the first women called upon for aid and counsel. Her acquaintance with New York socially and educationally was of the greatest service to the new undertaking. In working with others she had the gift of never seeming to have prejudged the case, never seeming to bring to a discussion her own conclusion already formed. She could keep a question open in her own mind until the right moment for a decision had arrived, and thus a discussion with her was always vital and animating; in it she was evidently receptive to all that could be said and the conclusion, which in the larger number of cases would be formulated by her and which would often depend for much of its weight on her experience and past thought on similar subjects, would yet very evidently grow out of the discussion itself and be really the product of all present. In committee work she was so quick to receive, so ready to give, she lent such cheerfulness and gayety to the work in hand, she so thoroughly enjoyed reducing chaotic detail to order, that one might say she was really only to be truly known by working with her.

In the selection of the corps of instructors her judgment and personal experience were of great service to the college, and having selected her assistants she knew how to lend

them her cordial support and appreciation. And, again, in keeping the standard of admission to the college exactly what it is at Columbia, it was her judgment which prevented the acceptance of any equivalent for the prescribed Greek, either in the requirements for admission or in the regular course—in spite of what could be urged as to the special difficulty for a girl to get, outside of college, any training in Greek and the effect that insistence upon this requirement would have in lessening the number of applicants. She believed that the cause of women's education, and education in general, would benefit by putting just such a pressure on girls' preparatory schools and she threw the weight of her conviction and experience on the side of those who wished to retain Greek. That she helped preserve for Barnard students what they would appreciate as a privilege, but might have otherwise missed, for the reason that it is difficult for a girl to obtain the preliminary training in Greek, is shown by the fact that from the moment that Greek becomes an elective in the college course almost without exception every student has so far made it her choice. Once fairly begun there is a general holding to Greek, perhaps because it affords to a special degree the cultivation of an aptitude for language which is characteristic of most women. Miss Weed knew by her own experience the exactness and flexibility in the use of words gained by the study of Greek, and she felt that there was besides an opening field for the teaching of Greek by women in preparatory schools, that it was a study early recognized as enjoyable by the student, and that it would be later increasingly found to be practically useful.

Her power of directing and advising the students, her ready sympathy with their

aims and desires, gave her personal influence an enduring weight. With all with whom she came into contact her quick and accurate judgment, instinct with warm affection, but unclouded by emotion, was felt to be her leading characteristic. She was full of enthusiasm in her work, but enthusiasm which was justified by the success of what she undertook. She had the temperament of the optimist, but with all her quickness she could await success and had the patience to postpone what was desirable if the material means of fulfilment were lacking, but she would make no compromise as to the quality of the work if it were once attempted. And as to the quality of any work she was an admirable and sound critic.

No notice of Miss Weed would be at all adequate which should omit mention of her personal qualities, in which lay a large source of her influence. She had a most

winning address that predisposed in her favor and in favor of what she advocated everyone of any sensitive sensibility. In spite of illness and a larger measure of other than physical suffering than falls to the lot of most persons, no one knew her to complain. She always seemed light-hearted, and gave herself to others so fully that her self-sacrifice was hardly suspected. Few thought of her need of affectionate sympathy and, in consequence, her own had inordinate demands made upon it. Her smile had a charm that one remembers as distinctly as any other trait of her personality. She enlivened as well as illuminated every group of which she was a member. Her work in life was not more serious—and it was of the most serious—than her way of taking it was light and gay; and she leaves behind her a memory of hope and courage.

V. S. BROWNELL.




## HORACE, ODES, BK. I, ODE XI, TRANSLATION.

Leuconœ, seek not; it is not right to know  
 What lot the gods may send to mortal men below.  
 Of Babylonian numbers make not a useless test.  
 Whate'er the gods send, suffer! it is by far the best,  
 Whether many winters almighty Zeus hath planned  
 Or this to be thy last, sent by his mighty hand,  
 Whose storms e'en now are beating the great sea,  
 Spending their awful strength on rocks so bold and free..

Strain well thy rosy wine, and with life's problems cope,  
 And, since thy life is short, cut off a distant hope.  
 For even while we speak revengeful time flees past.  
 Cheer up! and use this day as though it were thy last..



## The Constituency of Barnard College.

HE establishment of Barnard College and the graduation of its first class have, during the past five years, made frequent in New York the question, for whom is it intended and from what class of women is it to draw its students? It has been questioned by some whether, of those women who are dependent upon their own efforts for their support, there were many to whom a college education furnished the best preparation. It has also been asked, of what use is a college education to the large number of women in New York who are not likely to be compelled to earn their own living and whose sphere of life, in all probability, is to lie in the family or in New York society. A particular class for whom Barnard is intended is diligently sought and with no great success.

For such a search is based upon an essentially false conception of a college education. It is looked upon as a valuable technical or professional possession, suited to one class of purposes and to no other. But a view of the variety of men who have received and used the education at men's colleges is, perhaps, the best disproof of such a conception. There is nothing more frequently said of a college graduate than that he is unpractical, and that he is suited for no one particular thing. He himself feels it on the day after he has received his degree, when he sees those who were boys with him filling places for which they are especially adapted, while he stands with broad knowledge and training, hardly knowing where to turn. He seems to be prepared for nothing, while he is ready for anything. He has laid the foundation and now he waits to see what building he shall put

upon it. The glory of a college education is claimed to be not its definite adaption, but its indefinite adaptability. No one need ask what a man or a woman is going to do with an education, and even many a one gaining his education could not answer such a question, and a college need no more be embarrassed or confused by the question of the future of its students than need a hospital when it is asked as to whether the bodily health which it gives is to train athletes or is to be used in the best and wisest ways, as circumstances may determine.

With the growth of specialization in training for life within the last twenty years, this relation of the college to general education has become very evident. Short cuts to the professions have in many cases, been found necessary, and have been made possible. And this process, while it is to be regretted and discouraged, has brought to light the fact that the tie between the college and professional education was not so absolutely essential as it was sometimes deemed. And within the colleges the following of special lines, which the developed elective system has made possible, has still farther pointed the contrast between general and special education. A college education to-day, where the elective system is largely developed, may be used for special purposes, and when it is so used, it is the best assurance of thorough special preparation. But such special use in no way precludes, but rather emphasizes the general thought of education and culture which the college has ready for those who, in their youth, have no clear picture before them of their future life, and which it bestows to a very large extent upon even the most complete specialist who comes to it for instruction.

## THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

It is this view of a college life as the basis of a broad and liberal training, which renders the opportunity of enjoying it of peculiar interest to women in New York. If more than ever before, on account of the sharpness of business and professional competition, young men are saying, either wisely or foolishly, "I have not time to go to college," or "If I go, then it must be with one special line of preparation prominent in my mind," the college as a basis of general culture is peculiarly adapted to women, whose lines of future life are less clearly defined, and who only know that they must be ready for many a duty or emergency, which at present is not at all clear to their minds. Women who have not their own living to earn are surely the ones who are least pressed for time, and to whom the advantages of college life on their largest side are most available.

We may agree with what is often said that, for the large number of women in New York outside of the laboring classes, the family and society constitute the probable sphere of life. If we make those two over-worked but significant words, "family" and "society" identical with anything higher than drudgery and frivolity, the training of the college is the best preparation for them both. The "family," ought to mean the closest and dearest relations of life, the mutual association of old and young, the opportunity to supply just what others are not able to get for themselves, the contribution by each member of that which he has gained by the best cultivation of himself for the completed family life. "Society" ought to mean that contact of men and women by which they understand each other better, free themselves from the narrowing influence of their special occupation and make more evident the unity of

all life which is regulated by high motive and the hatefulness in human association of all that is low and mean. To be fitted for the family and society, therefore, means a large and generous training. The specialist is more at home in smaller associations with less general aspects. The view of men's thoughts, in other times and places, the knowledge of the progress which the world has made, the acquaintance with previous handling of these subjects which are prominent in every generation, the accurate estimate of cause and effect, the familiarity with more than one branch of knowledge, the sympathy with present movements, and the understanding of their relation to the past, the comprehension of physical discoveries, and of their application to immediate uses, those are the demands which contact with the world in the family and society are ever making. They arise in the daughter's assistance to her parents, in the association of the wife with her husband, in the training of children by their mother, in the varied intercourse of such society as a metropolitan city offers. It is probably as large a demand as is made upon any human being in the world, and it needs, therefore, the largest answer; it is one whose special features will change from decade to decade, and it therefore requires a supply for its need which shall be peculiarly easy of adaptation.

The training of the mind and the largeness of view which belong to a college seem to meet such a demand precisely. The experience of what has been useful in the past dictates the material of the education, and anticipates the needs of the future which are so large and general. Variety of study prepares for variety of application, and studies which lead the mind in directions which it would not other-

wise have taken, prepare it for that large sympathy which is to be a demand upon it in its future experience, and which wrenches so sadly the mind without flexibility, while it is the most delightful exercise for that one which has been taught to look in many directions.

This is the preparation which the studies and training of a college education offer to New York women of every class who are able to obtain it. Its associations have the same value. In a large city everything tends to the separation of those whose interests vary. Artificial methods are established to bring together those whose lives tend to separation. But they are very spasmodic and ineffective. Such a general purpose with the opportunity for innumerable specific applications as a college affords to all its students is to be found nowhere else. Past training and future prospects blend together for a few years in the common purpose of gaining the best education which is available. In different ways the purpose is followed by the students of a college, but the unity of that purpose is always felt and gives an insight into the life of others, such as can be gained by no other relations. It has proved itself to be a tie among men which survives and which softens wide differences of life; it promises among women to be equally useful in extending the possibilities for knowledge and sympathy in directions where the activities of one's life would seldom carry her. Not how one is going to

use an education but how one is acquiring it is the question which is asked of a student within the walls of a college. Its catalogue of students brings together names which will scatter into very different paths of life in future years. It is that short period of union created by similarity of pursuit and unity of belief in the power of education which impresses itself upon all their future relations. And not only among themselves but among the men and women whom they meet in the world, they will show the truly social spirit of their college days.

The constituency of Barnard College, then, in such a community as New York and its surrounding cities and towns is unlimited. Its extent will prove itself more and more perceptibly. The growth of its classes has been, and will be, not only in numbers but in variety. These early years, which this first number of the "BARNARD ANNUAL" commemorates, have seen a unity of character and method among its students which must be largely modified as the years go on. But the growing variety will be indicative of the place which the college is called to fill. The contact of many and different minds will call for the clear knowledge by each student of her own motives and purposes which is the best possession of a human mind and which is the result of a large and liberal training. And it will be better understood that for no one class of lives, but for every possible position in life, the education which the college offers is the best preparation. ARTHUR BROOKS.



## ODE XXX., BOOK I. OF HORACE, A TRANSLATION.

Oh, Venus, queen of Cnidus and Paphos,  
Neglect thy favored Cyprus and draw nigh  
Unto thy precious shrine of Glycera  
Adorning thee with odorous incense rare.  
And with thee, too, should come thy glowing Boy,  
The Graces girdle-free, the comely nymphs,  
Hermes, the golden-tongued messenger,  
And Youth without thee living but in vain.



## The Educational Work of Barnard College.

**B**ARNARD COLLEGE began its academic existence in October, 1889. Being now in its fifth year, it has classes representing each of the four stages of collegiate life and a small enthusiastic body of alumnae. It has also a graduate department of the same age as the undergraduate department. Furthermore, the college gives instruction not only to regular students, candidates for the baccalaureate or a higher degree, but also to a considerable number of special students pursuing courses in botany and chemistry.

The object for which Barnard College was founded was to furnish in New York an opportunity for women to obtain collegiate and university training equal to the best anywhere afforded to men. This object, Barnard's friends believe, has been attained through its affiliation with Columbia College. Barnard's instructors are almost all drawn from Columbia's faculties. Columbia conducts and passes upon every examination held at Barnard and awards to Barnard's students its own diplomas as certificates of a proficiency equal to that of the men graduated at the same time under the same conditions.

The absence of special students from the ordinary undergraduate classes of Barnard College has excited frequent comment. The only special students admitted are those pursuing special courses in botany and chemistry; and the terms under which Barnard acquired laboratories in these departments require the admission of such students. In this regard one can not do better than quote from the report made in November, 1890, by Miss Weed: "Before the end of the first year it had become very

apparent that the most important problem before the Academic Committee was, whether this new means to women's education should represent a systematic course of study, or whether it should be a haven where any woman, of any age, could study anything. The tendency of American education to specialize without any general training, and for no reason except the choice of an immature and unreasoning preference, was never more clearly shown than in the applications for admission to Barnard College. Girls of sixteen wanted everything, from a course in law to elementary French lessons. During the first year a few specials were admitted to the classes already formed. They were required to take at least three courses, subject to the approval of the Faculty; but, however serious the aims and work of these girls, the drift was away from any systematic plan. After careful consideration, the Academic Committee decided that if Barnard College were ever to lay a broad foundation of general training for special work of a high order, the College must at once and for some years accept only regular students in its undergraduate classes, and face the fact that these students must be few in number."

The system of education at Barnard is neither that of the separate college nor co-education. Her students enjoy the advantages which Columbia's age and wealth have secured for men. The university library, the public lectures, the collections in science and art, are all accessible to them. They have the benefit of instruction by Columbia's large staff of experienced teachers. The collegiate work of the two institutions is, however, altogether distinct.

In university work, a term which at

## THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

Columbia includes the work of the Senior year, the conditions are different. Although Barnard maintains distinct courses in a number of subjects, in which the students are sufficiently numerous, to do so in all subjects is both unnecessary and impossible. The university faculties of philosophy, political science, and pure science offer about three hundred advanced courses, each of which in general attracts but a small number of students. The Trustees of Columbia College have authorized the first two named of these faculties to admit to their courses women qualified to attend them, whether candidates for a higher degree or not, if matriculated in the Senior class or graduate department of Barnard College. The faculty of philosophy has opened thus a very large proportion of its courses, covering a wide range of subjects. The faculty of political science has not availed itself of the authority granted to it in this respect. In the case of the faculty of pure science no such provision has yet been made by the trustees. Graduate students have, however, facilities for advanced work in the botanical and chemical laboratories: and, in several other departments in which students have applied, courses are given parallel to those at Columbia. The courses in botany deserve special mention. They are not reproductions of similar courses at Columbia, and, in a way, stand by themselves.

The next Senior class at Barnard College will have the privilege of selecting from about sixty courses, of which one third will be given at Barnard, the remainder at Columbia.

The number of students at Barnard College is shown in the following table:

Seniors. . . . . 7  
Juniors. . . . . 9

Sophomores. . . 20  
Freshmen . . . 23

---

59 Undergraduates  
19 Graduates.

---

78  
28 Specials in botany and  
chemistry.

---

106 Total.

The graduate students come from the following institutions:

Columbia, . . . . .	4
Bryn Mawr, . . . . .	3
Michigan University, . . .	2
St. Lawrence University, . .	2
Wellesley, . . . . .	2
Smith, . . . . .	2
Cornell, . . . . .	2
Vassar, . . . . .	1
Hiram College, . . . . .	1

In instituting a comparison between the number of undergraduates and that at other colleges for women, it is proper to inquire how many of their students are fully matriculated candidates for a degree, and further, how many of such students have offered Greek for admission and are pursuing a course into which Greek enters as a part for at least one year after admission. Without being able to answer these questions, it may be useful for purposes of comparison to state that the Harvard Annex, now in its fifteenth year, gave during the past four years the B. A. certificate to 38 students, of whom nine received it in 1893. Bryn Mawr, now in its ninth year, conferred during the past four years the B. A. degree upon 70 candidates, of whom 29 were graduated in 1893.

Apart from the influence which Barnard College exerts upon and through its own students, it has in another way a direct

educational bearing. This is by means of its system of examinations for women. Under this system young women who pass all or a part of the entrance examinations to Columbia receive a certificate from Columbia College. If the examination is partial the certificate is signed by the Dean of the School of Arts; if complete, it is signed by the President of Columbia College. The complete certificate admits, of course, to Barnard, but the object is to make Columbia put her stamp upon the work of girls' schools. Nearly all good schools welcome an outside and unprejudiced test of their work.

It is often asked how the work of women students compares with that done by men. After five years of observation, the writer is compelled to say that Barnard College has failed to demonstrate, or even indicate, the intellectual superiority or inferiority of women. It is interesting, however, to note that Barnard College has never yet had occasion to enact a disciplinary measure, or to administer discipline, and that it has never had an idler among its students.

During the present year Barnard has sustained a loss which has been felt severely on every side, but perhaps most severely of all on the educational side. This was in the death of Miss Ella Weed, the brilliant and accomplished chairman of the Academic Committee of the Board of Trustees, to whom more than to any one else are due the educational organization and adminis-

tration of Barnard College. The writer feels that he may most appropriately add to this brief statement of the educational work of Barnard College the closing sentences of Miss Weed's report of May, 1892:

"The true experiment at Barnard is this: Not alone equal honors for equal work — and that is much — not the identical standards and tests for young men and young women — and that is much — but it is this, that it is making the higher education a natural, simple phase of the life of New York girls. There is probably one class of friends of Barnard College who see this phase of its work as others cannot. They are the women who know life at other colleges from their own experience, and who see with deep gratification how absolutely free from 'pose' is the attitude of these earnest young women who are working out unconsciously a great and fateful problem. The community can not be expected to see this until the experiment proves, but the time will come when a modest, thoroughly trained body of young women, graduates of Columbia, will be a power for Barnard College which will turn towards its doors a great and ever-swelling tide of earnest young girls, urged thither, not tearfully restrained by their parents. This means more than a degree. Fifty educated young women living by the standards about them in New York, who have gained the education without breaking the home circle, will be an unanswerable argument for Barnard College." THOMAS S. FISKE.





### The First Period of Barnard College.

WITH the death of Miss Weed the first period of Barnard College came to an end. This brief period, covering little more than a single college generation, was marked by certain unique characteristics which, in the nature of things, can not, and should not, recur. We are accustomed to speak of it as tentative, formative, experimental; and so, of course, it was. But no instructor can forget that the day of small things has advantages which more than compensate for these drawbacks. In fact, we shall better understand the meaning of these four years if we consider them, not so much a period of experiment, as preeminently a period of intimacy.

Most of the students and most of the instructors in Barnard College at the time of Miss Weed's death had been with the college from the beginning. This fact fostered the feeling of loyalty which was promoted also by the democratic organization of the faculty, and especially by the unifying personality of Miss Weed. No one of the young men who was drawn by Miss Weed's unflinching humor and patience, by her unerring tact and her wisdom of sympathy, into long talks on women and books, is likely to forget how much he owes to that intimacy. Part of the unique value of these talks lay in the fact that they had to do, not with college education in general, not even with particular classes, but with Miss A. or Miss B., who could be considered separately because she was known intimately. When you cease to discuss the education of womankind and begin to consider the needs of a particular woman, the problem comes within grasp. As to the former, the Barnard instructors have grown with each year more modestly reticent; as to the latter, they have learned what they know largely

through intimacy with Miss Weed.

How really for the students also Miss Weed summed up the life of the college, how manifold to them was the value of intimacy with her, it is not necessary to explain. Quite as real, though of course essentially different, has been the intellectual intimacy between instructor and student brought about by small classes. What the college man vaguely longs for when he hails his professor's invitation to call, or makes excuses for invading the study, the college woman realizes when there are only ten in class and those ten sit about a table. And the individual appeal is quite as valuable for the instructor as for the student. What professional solemnity can withstand a table? What sounding platitude, useful in the crowded lecture-room, is proof against a question at your elbow? And what stimulus can be greater than the eager assertion of individual need, or the quick combat mind to mind? The electric kindling realized hitherto only in secondary education or in postgraduate study, and not often even in these, has been almost a necessity at Barnard from the Freshman year to graduation.

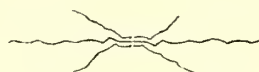
Given all the factors of good conversation, the problem of how to teach literature to a class solves itself. If the lecture be of much value anywhere, it is obviously but a waste of opportunities here. Here is a reading club of trained students, of which you are the appointed guide, philosopher, and friend. The conversations require of you three times as much preparation as lectures would, and the chances of airing yourself diminish to the vanishing-point. But the whole discussion moves in the definite and the concrete, and you are roused and the class is roused, and the light comes ten ways instead of one. The sentimental dis-

sipation of Sterne, the virility of Browning's passion, Wordsworth's austere purity, and the high song of Shelley, cease to be abstractions and regain their informing power.

What is thus eminently true of the teaching of literature, is true also, in varying degree, of teaching in other studies.

And this aspect of the early years of Barnard will doubtless remain most prominent in the memories of the first instructors. Certainly they cannot wish to prolong the period of small classes. Certainly they can not forget that it was the period of intimacy.

CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN.



## THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN.

Behold! it stands there in the morning light,  
Dazzling in whiteness, noble, grand, and bright.  
This great art-work sprung from one human soul  
Aiming, inspired, to reach its final goal.

Not as of marble, cold and still and drear,  
But warm, true, living, present, standing near.  
Yet all the purity of marble white  
Does it possess along with strength and might.

Each single figure seems to move alone,  
Endowed with life, force, action, all its own.  
But lo! there is a perfect harmony  
And all together act in sympathy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Behold! it stands there in the bright moonshine,  
Still whiter, still more exquisitely fine;  
With all its former force, yet more subdued  
And with a softer, calmer light imbued.

A thousand twinkling lights afar and near  
Bring out its beauties to the eye more clear.  
See how it stands there in the calm moonshine,  
A very teacher of the things divine.

### The Botanical Department.

THE botanical laboratories at Barnard, which well repay a visit from those interested in scientific matters, occupy the fourth floor of the present college building. Two large rooms on this floor are used as general laboratories for class work. Of these, the back room is assigned to beginners, and here the students are taught the use of the microscope and spend their first year in gaining a general acquaintance with botanical subjects. Owing to the large number of beginners, it has been difficult to provide a separate microscope for each student or even a separate table, and it is only by a most careful arrangement of hours that all can be accommodated. The large, well-lighted front room is used by the more advanced students, who are naturally more favored in the assignment of places and microscopes. On one side of this room is a case containing various chemical reagents, a valuable and interesting set of models made in Germany, dissecting microscopes, and other apparatus for laboratory use. Opposite this case is another for a series of Prof. Kny's anatomical charts, which are of great assistance as illustrations for the lectures of the course. Some of these charts are always hung on the walls of the two general laboratories, and serve both for decoration and for instruction. A sterilizer is provided for the use of those students making a study of bacteria. The microtome is always an object of interest to the visitor; with this extremely thin sections of plant tissue can be cut with an accuracy otherwise quite impossible. Considerable care is required in the handling of this instrument and it is not till the fourth year that the students are taught to use it. In both these general laboratories there

are growing plants, both high and low in rank, and there are always opportunities to watch their germination and growth. Besides these two general laboratories, there is a hall-room that serves as a private office for the head of the department. In this there are places for two students, who, having finished the regular four years' course, are devoting their time to special investigation. In this room and in the advanced laboratory are cases of the most necessary books of reference. A larger collection of botanical works and magazines is open to the students at Columbia College Library, where they have the same privileges as the students of Columbia. The middle room on this same floor is used as a store-room where are kept various materials,—a set of Ellis's fungi, numerous alcoholic specimens, and a small herbarium. There is no need for a large herbarium at Barnard, as Prof. Britton, the head of Columbia's botanical department, offers most freely to the Barnard students the use of their extensive collection.

The botanical department at Barnard opened at the same time as the college in the fall of 1889, but for the first two years there were assigned to it only two of its present rooms. The department opened with a single student, who, it may be worthy of remark, was a married woman. Others came in one by one, till at the close of the first year there was a class of eight. There has been a constant increase in attendance as the value of the botanical work at the college has become more widely recognized, till the present year has brought an entering class of twenty-two and a total in the department of some forty students. By the generosity of certain members of the Torrey Botanical Club, a sum of money was supplied for the original equipment of



the laboratory. Since then, the growing needs of the department have been in part met by the liberality of Mr. Sigmund Neustadt, who has contributed for this purpose several hundred dollars at various times. Mrs. Esther Herrman, too, has shown her interest in botany and in the welfare of the department by establishing a fund of \$1,000, the income of which shall be used for paying the tuition of some deserving student.

The head of the department, and the one to whose able instruction, untiring energy, and enthusiasm its success is due, is Dr. Emily L. Gregory. Dr. Gregory has spent a number of years in study abroad working under Professors Wigand, Reinke, and Schwen-dener, and she received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Zurich. She has given instruction at Smith College, Bryn Mawr, and the University of Pennsylvania. At the opening of Barnard College, she accepted a call from it, and has since devoted herself to the establishment of its botanical department.

The regular course in botany offered by Dr. Gregory extends through four years, of which the last two are regarded as graduate work and lead to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Four students are at present applicants for this degree. The first year's course is designed as an introduction to the study of botany, and all the departments of the subject are touched upon lightly so that the students gain a clear idea of the general scope of the science. There are some six or eight weeks of introductory lectures on the elements of plant anatomy and physiology. During these weeks the use of the microscope is taught. The remainder of the year is spent in gaining a general survey of the vegetable kingdom by studying plants selected to illustrate the advancement from the lower to the higher types of structure. The first term of the second year supplements this work by giving a cursory description of the chief

groups of plants in systematic order, using Warming's text-book as authority. In the second term the elements of plant anatomy are taught. The first term of the third year is devoted to advanced anatomy; and the second term, to the physiology of nutrition, including such subjects as the entrance of liquids and gases into the plant and the changes by which they are converted into food. In the fourth year the lectures are on the physiology of growth, and papers are required of the student treating of the questions brought up in the third year's work. During the latter part of this year each student is expected to take up some special subject to learn how to do original work. Students after completing the fourth year are admitted without tuition fees to the laboratories, where they are made welcome and furnished with microscopes and tables to continue their special work of the fourth year or to take up some new line of investigation. They have thus all the advantages that a private laboratory of their own would offer, and, besides these, they find in Dr. Gregory one whose advice and assistance are always helpful and ever at hand. At present two of the students that finished the course last June are thus continuing their work in the laboratory.

This brief summary of the work is quite inadequate to show the pleasure and enthusiasm that are roused throughout the whole course. The students gain a new and ever increasing interest in the plant life about them, in woods and fields and even in the green patches to be found on city walls and sidewalks. While special students are not as a rule admitted to the regular college classes they have always been accepted in the botanical department, and in this way many have been enabled to pursue a delightful course of study and investigation that would otherwise have been impossible for them. Young and old, married and unmarried, are alike full of enthusiasm and eagerness for their work; housekeepers, teachers, and women with many social demands on their time find here a pleasant change from their ordinary life and a study absorbing in its fascination.

LOUISE MERRITT STABLER, '93.

## Social Life at Barnard.

At first sight, one would be inclined to count social life as one of those things that are not at Barnard College. This first impression, though false, is a very natural one, for the students of Barnard have no college life in the strictest sense of the word; that is to say, they do not live together in the college building or even in the same community, but, on the contrary, in their own homes, many of which are out of town. The students, then, are thrown together only at their recitations and during their few free hours in the little study. This latter opportunity for social intercourse has, moreover, recently been dealt its death-blow in the inexorable decree of the Self-Government Association—a decree issued in all the pride of that newly-established body—that all unnecessary conversation in the study during recitation hours must cease. There remain, however, many last words to be said by everyone before silence can be agreed upon and the unnecessary conversation reduced to a minimum.

But, in spite of all this and in spite of the fact that the college-world is a very busy one, such a thing as social life has managed to struggle into existence at Barnard College. Its first efforts were very feeble; so feeble, indeed, as to make it doubtful *what* it was that was trying to demonstrate its existence. The trustees, seeing that *something* was trying to assert itself at Barnard, in the kindness of their hearts conceived the idea of setting things going by the giving of a tea. It was given. The kindly trustees, the willing faculty, the grateful students were there. Students and faculty did their best to talk airy nothings over their tea-cups and to enjoy the novel experience of meeting once a year on

social grounds. But, somehow, things did not go. The students had a little ~~off~~ the feeling that they were wild animals at the Zoo, whom all these kind people had come to see fed; and, though the interest and good-will that had prompted the tea-giving were appreciated, no marked increase of social activity at Barnard was the outcome.

In the second year of its existence, there was established at Barnard a Chapter of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity, and the proceedings of its members, though strictly secret, constituted at first the greatest social factor in the college. The interests of the barbarian element of the college were completely ignored, and this was, perhaps, only natural, since every single regular member of the college—and there were nine of them—was also a member of the Greek Letter fraternity. The monthly social meetings of the Chapter were at first none of the liveliest; the aim, perhaps, was too high, the discourse too weighty and philosophic to come under the head of fun. But, in the following year, a lighter element was introduced, and the social meetings of the society became uproariously funny through the organization of a dramatic club. It was not, however, until the Chapter had discovered, after four or five successes, that its *ingénue* knew all the tricks of the trade as well as the most unsophisticated maiden from the real stage-land, and that its low-comedy characters, its Irish waiters and saucy housemaids were not to be approached in point of make-up and faecal expression; it was not, in fact, until the Chapter had fully realized that to keep so much fun to itself was not the best way to make the whole College long for admission to the fraternity, that it decided to give one grand performance to which all the students should be invited.

## THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

The time fixed for this great event was the last Saturday of the Christmas holidays. No student of Barnard can have forgotten the date, but for the rest of the world it may be as well to state that it was the seventh of January, 1893. The preparations for the play were most elaborate. To begin with, the actors were confronted with the unlooked for necessity of learning their parts. When this thought first struck them, the cast as a unit were for tendering their resignations. In time, however, they were prevailed upon to concede this point, in view of the fact that the performance was to be a public one, and rehearsals were resumed with but slightly dampened ardor. Wigs, costumes, properties, of all sorts—from the gas-stove and agate kettle that did service as a witch's cauldron to the tiny doll-effigies of the Faculty—were as perfect as time, ingenuity and a noble disposition to "make anything do" would admit. The play chosen was "The Shakespeare Wooing," a travesty in which the chief beauties of Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, and the Merchant of Venice are inextricably blended. The piece was rewritten by a devoted member of the committee, so that, in addition to its Shakespearian charm, it abounded in allusions to Barnard College and the facts, fancies and fables that gather about the queer little ways of its Faculty. A whole forest of Christmas trees was hired to do duty as Birnam wood and to shut off from the eyes of the audience the incongruous background of blackboards and maps that would so ill have consorted with the love-making of Romeo and Ophelia or the conferences between Launcelot Gobbo and the Three Witches. The tutorial platforms were dragged together to form a stage, hemlock and cedar boughs were brought from the

country to strew over them, and below them were scattered footlights of a very ingenious and highly ineffectual kind. Shakespearian quotations, on little cards tied up with blue and white ribbons and tiny gold and silver bells, were given to all the guests, and delightful pen-and-ink sketches of witches, broomsticks, and cauldrons bore the names of the *dramatis personæ*. The play, which had been no end of fun to all those concerned in its production, was enthusiastically received by the audience, and was pronounced a great success. It was followed by music, dancing, and the eating of cake and ice cream that is the inevitable accompaniment of all college functions—on the principle, perhaps, that no one is ever bored while eating,—and the afternoon wound up with a Virginia reel that was cut short when in full swing by the ill-timed arrival of a deeply astonished member of the Faculty, who withdrew with as much haste and embarrassment as he thought fit to display.

So great was the success of the venture, that Beta Epsilon Chapter decided this year to follow its own precedent and give another play to the whole college. The day selected for the performance was the 31st of March, and great was the consternation throughout the chapter when it was discovered on the 22d that no play had as yet been chosen by the Committee. However, the invitations were sent out to all the college, and the hopes of the procrastinating Committee ran high that luck would be with them on the great day. And, thanks to the admirable acting of the cast, it was. The play, a travesty of Faust, with the parts "adapted" to the Faculty, and the scene laid at Barnard College, met with astonishing success. When, at the close of the performance, the actors stepped



down from the boards and mingled with the audience, it was amusing to watch the little groups of satellites that gathered about them, as if they still retained some of the effulgence of their prototypes in the Faculty.

Among the classes themselves there is a good deal of sporadic entertaining. The Freshmen each year are the first to receive attention, and various are the means employed by Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores to make them feel that they have a share in the college life. First, there are the awful Eleusinian Mysteries, wherein the fearful responsibilities of her office are revealed to the oftentimes unwilling Freshman. Then the Juniors invite the new class to some pleasant function, and, the ball once set rolling, each class begins to think of entertaining the other three, until, about Christmas time, there comes a lull that is more or less unbroken till the middle or end of April, when the farewell entertainments of the Seniors and the triumph of the Sophomores start things going once more.

These class-entertainments are very informal and very good fun. Sometimes it is a play that is given by one class to another, sometimes a character party, where all the hostesses represent heroines of fiction, and the invited guests have to guess by whom they are being entertained. Again, the entertainment may be a Dutch wedding, with bride, groom, pastor, and wedding-cake complete, or it may be a Greek tragedy with a full chorus and all the unities duly observed. Or, again, the clever Freshmen may conceive the idea of a Christmas tree, presided over by a jovial, round little Santa Claus, with eyes like laughing coals of fire, who presents to every student some gift, accompanied by the most

pat little "grind." Whatever the entertainment is, it is pretty sure to be fun, and quite sure, as has been said before, to wind up with ice cream and cake.

Aside from these inter-class festivities, the second half of this college year has seen the rise of three societies. The first of these to be organized was the Haphazard Club, a society started by the sophomores, but destined ultimately to take in special students and worthy members of the other regular classes. The club was started in February, and its object being the purely social one of having a good time, and no business meetings being provided for, it is bound by no hard and fast bonds of red-tape and a constitution. The meetings are to take place every fourth Saturday, at the home of one of the members, and it is to be the privilege of the hostess to invite a few of her own friends from outside of the college. The afternoon's entertainment is arranged for by a committee of three, who have the power to invite to each meeting new members selected from the college at large. At the close of the entertainment, a new committee is appointed. The fourth member of the committee, known as the Standing Member, takes the place of a president of the club. Two very successful meetings have already been held, and the Haphazard Club has started out with a spirit and enthusiasm for which its members are to be most heartily congratulated. The club further announces its intention of giving one public meeting each year at college, to which all the students, both regular and special, are to be invited. The prospect is a charming one, indeed.

The second club to be organized this year was the Freshman Debating Society, which meets every second Wednesday, and debates for one hour. The subject debated at the first meeting (the only one held so far) was on the resolution, That intellectual

## THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

activity is the result of material prosperity. After an interesting debate, conducted with the utmost order, the question was decided in the affirmative. When the three judges had rendered this decision, discussion became general, and the meeting was closed by the appointment of speakers and judges for the next debate, the subject of which was "The Income Tax." The Freshmen seem agreed that the debates are full of interest, and the speeches good, though not of fatiguing weight; and they are resolved to make the Society a success.

Within the last month the Juniors have organized a third club, the object of which is the promotion of "intellectual frivolity." The membership of this society, which is known as the Novel Club, is confined, for the present, to the Junior class, and the plan of operations consists in the writing of a novel, chapter by chapter. To one member only is the secret of the authorship of the chapters known, and it is her privilege to assign to the other members the parts they are to write. The club meets after the completion of each

chapter, when the master of the secret reads it aloud to the club. When the ten chapters are finished, the whole novel will be read aloud before the club, the members guessing the author of each chapter as it is read. A prize will be given to the person making the greatest number of correct guesses. In the same way, a vote will be taken as to which chapter of the novel is the best, and the happy author of this best of the best will thereupon be crowned with a garland of laurel. Four meetings of the club have already been held.

When the social life of Barnard has grown to such prominence even in the cramped quarters of the little college building, it may be a cause for wonder what will be the mad freaks indulged in when Bloomingdale opens a wider field for the development of the gregarious propensities of the students. Perhaps by that time inter-collegiate athletics may be in full swing, and Barnard may surpass its own wildest expectations in the fame of its hitherto voiceless Glee Club and silent Musical Society.



### Girl-Bachelors.

"Do you *live* or board?" was the apt question recently asked of a Barnard girl. She, being one of those enviable few, known as the girl-bachelors, answered with emphasis, "We live."

There are three of us, and we have the dearest of little apartments, where, day by day, we smilingly meet and conquer the vexed questions of life. Experiments in Physics and various mathematical problems are worked out daily with unflagging ardor. Even though the morning problem always turns on the measure of heat and the added element of time required for the cooking of an egg, and the evening equation assumes the form :

$\times \text{alcohol} + y \text{ tea} = \text{a happy hour}$ , do not for an instant suppose that these questions ever grow old. They are fresh every morning and new every evening. Nor is the result unvarying. Contrariwise, indeed. There are large eggs and small eggs, there are seven-day clocks and variable watches, so that an absolute and final settlement of the weighty question is impossible.

In regard to afternoon tea, it is a well established fact that the last cup is by far the best. To adjust this matter so that the first cup, which your guest receives, may be as good as the last cup, which you reserve for yourself, has led to many interesting experiments. One solution, satisfactory enough for the present, depends on insisting that your guest shall take a second cup. From this course a fair average at least may be expected.

What to do with the mouse is still a vexed question with the girl-bachelors, though, of course, they feel sure of the ultimate annihilation of the monster. With a five-holed round trap under the sofa and bits of pounded glass filling the openings about the steam-pipes, one would hardly expect a well-bred mouse to inhabit the

waste-paper basket. Yet that is just where he lives. When the shades of night fall upon us, he straightway begins an inventory of our stores. We hear him leaping from desk to table, from tea-cup to salt-cellar, ever on his way stopping to explore paper bags and tin boxes. During the night we gradually set outside the door the waste-paper basket, the potato-basket, the sack of nuts, and other delectable things, but he, with characteristic freedom of the will, ignores our designs, and stays behind, cheerfully picking up crumbs.

No doubt some of us have known cooks who refused to beat eggs with anything but the latest and most approved egg-beater, and who demanded a cup for a cup and a spoon for a spoon. That such labelled house furnishings are necessities, let no would-be housekeeper infer. A beer mug will hold milk as well as a cream pitcher, and, because the one is broken, must we needs forego milk? Perish the thought!

A chafing-dish may not seemingly be designed for pie, but what better place can one find to preserve it from the ravages of the enemy? A shoe-horn may not—but why multiply examples? To the perfect satisfaction of the girl-bachelors, it has been demonstrated that a double, or even a triple purpose will dignify rather than degrade the common things of life. Lovingly side by side in the bureau drawer lie the one large loaf of bread, the darning-basket, and a great pile of the bachelors' note-books.

Opposed to this side of the picture is our real, earnest, student-life. Surrounded as we are by loving books, our walls speaking of Athens, Rome, and Florence, thought is fostered by the ministry of sight, and our devotion is fed by the little figure of the studious monk, who sits ever patiently working away at his theme.

The home-coming at night is fraught with joy, and we account well spent the moments over the tea-cups, when we all relate the adventures of the day. The healthy mind readily converts even bitter things to sweet, and with one consent we exclaim: "How good it is to live!"



## THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

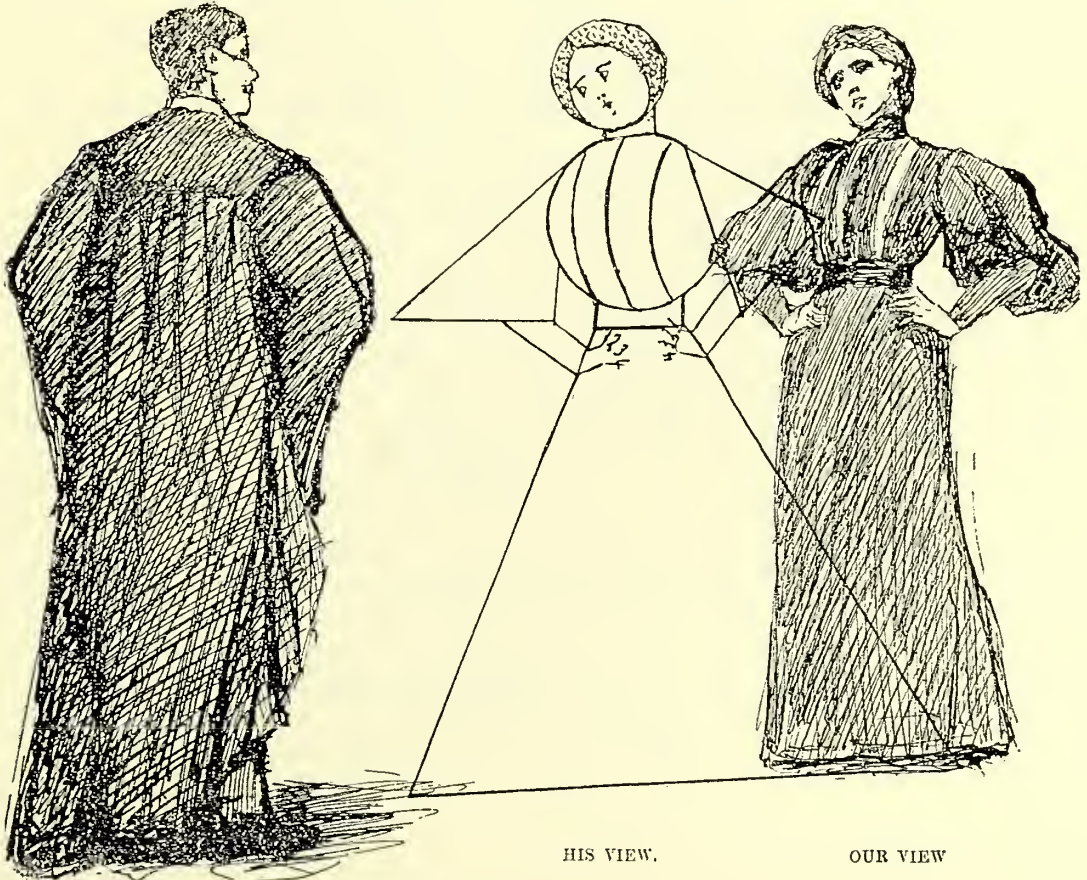
The Sunday night readings aloud are a pleasant little oasis in the week's work. Two-thirds of us listen, while one-third of us reads, and interruptions and private interpretations of the text are quite in order.

Sometimes it happens that when the voice of the one-third of us ceases, the two-thirds, awaking with a start, exclaim, "Oh, you were reading Daudet, were you? I thought it was Browning."

### Camille's Apostrophe to Rome, in Corneille's Horace.

#### A TRANSLATION.

Rome, the Great! The sole cause of my hatred and fear—  
Rome! for whom thou hast slain him whom I hold most dear!  
Rome! thy heart's dearest idol, the place of thy birth—  
Rome! the spot that to me is most hateful on earth.  
Oh! would that her neighbors, together assembling,  
Could o'erthrow her foundations, which e'en now I see trembling,  
That she pull down her walls, and with her own hand  
Destroy the peace and joy that have reigned through her land.  
That the wrath of the gods, by my prayers conjured down,  
With a deluge of fire, destroy the whole town.  
Could I, ere I die, see these woes on her thrust,  
See her houses in ruins and thy laurels in dust,  
See the last of the Romans give forth his last breath—  
Myself, the sole cause, I would gladly face death.



HIS VIEW.

OUR VIEW

**N**OTICE TO THE INSTRUCTORS  
OF BARNARD COLLEGE.

• • • • •

Permission to use excerpts from this Annual as  
examples of incorrect English must be obtained from  
the Editors before the Instructor quotes them in class.

# LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

- 1       The breaking waves dashed high  
           On a stern and rock-bound coast ;  
       And the woods against a stormy sky  
           Their giant branches tossed.
- 5       And the heavy night hung dark  
           The hills and waters o'er,  
       When a band of exiles moored their bark  
           On the wild New England shore.
- Not as the conqueror comes
- 10       They, the true-hearted, came ;  
       Not with the roll of the stirring drums  
           And the trumpet that sings of fame ;  
       Not as the flying come,  
           In silence and in fear :
- 15       They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
           With their hymns of lofty cheer.
- Amidst the storm they sang,  
           And the stars heard and the sea :  
       And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
- 20       To the anthem of the free.

---

1. The scene so clearly conceived in the poet's mind seems to have been this : A deep bay shaped somewhat like a parabolical curve, with abrupt cliffs, except at the inner part, where the rocks were somewhat broken away, affording a place of entrance.

4. "Giant." The giants in Homer are conceived as a race in the half-way state between the divine and human. They are remarkable for bodily strength and enormity of size. They lived in cities, but plied no trades, and held no *boulé* or *agoré*.

5. A most inharmonious verse. The fault lies in the word "dark." Classen would read : "And the heavy night hung—hark !" Nonsense ! Jebb supplies "mark !" Nonsense again. Emend thus : "And the heavy night hung darkly," since we are not to regard the rhyme as intentional.

6. Note the anastrophe.

7. We are not to understand that the entire pilgrim band moors the ship, as the ancient vessels had but two anchors, which would not require a hundred people to manipulate them.

15-16. Another one of those impossible feats. Cf. *Od.* xiii, 68.

Note the clever position of the similar words "shook" and "gloom" at either end of the verse.

17-20. "Deliver us from the sigmas of Euripides."

- The ocean eagle soared  
 From his nest by the white waves' foam ;  
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared—  
 This was their welcome home !
- 25     There were men with hoary hair  
        Amidst that pilgrim band :—  
 Why had they come to wither there,  
        Away from their childhood's land ?
- There was woman's fearless eye,  
 30     Lit by her deep love's truth :  
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
        And the fiery heart of youth.
- What sought they thus afar ?  
        Bright jewels of the mine ?  
 35     The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?  
        They sought a faith's pure shrine !
- Aye, call it holy ground,  
        The soil where first they trod :  
 They left unstained what there they found :  
 40     Freedom to worship God.

22. "White." Mr. Gladstone, with his usual acuteness, says in his chapter on the weakness of color-perception in the ancients, that they regarded all colors as intermediate shades between black and white.

23. *I. e.*, as if on rockers, like an infant's cradle.

25. "Hoary"—stock epithet.

26. "Amidst"—what is its equivalent in Attic ?

29-32. Note the parataxis.

29. The latest German editors regard this as an interpolation, since the absurdity of applying the adjective "fearless" to a woman, is evident.

32. Difference between  $\kappa\tilde{\eta}\rho$  and  $\kappa\tilde{\eta}\rho$ .

34. "Jewels" = pEarles.

36. "Shrine." From this it has been concluded that no Greek city was without shrines—and rightly. The prevalent notion to the contrary is an error. I, myself, when in Greece, saw many well-preserved remains, and helped to dig up some.

40. The monotheism of the ancients has been a subject for voluminous discussions. What is more conclusive evidence than this passage in regard to the fact that the idea was then in its infancy, which became prominent in later literature ?

This passage is conspicuous for the absence of the voluntative future.

Addendum : The title to this beautiful fragment is now generally believed to have been supplied by Aristarchus in the third century A.D.



### A Sophomore Triumph.

For two years we had been working hard, and the future state of perfect happiness which was to arrive at the completion of our Sophomore year, when we could say, "Get thee behind me!" to our Mathematics, seemed far away. There were only two or three of our class who liked Mathematics and who showed their appreciation by good work. The average mark of the class might not have been so very poor, for the few brilliant students made up in quality for our lack both of quantity and quality. One of the class had even been known to write a perfect examination paper—something supernatural as it seemed to the rest of us. But the hours of torture were over at last. Never again should we hear, "Miss X., will you deduce the formula for the Binomial Theorem?" or, "Miss Y. doesn't seem to have very much to do—I think we had better give her something with which to occupy herself."

In the middle of our last term we were obliged to change instructors; for Mr. —, who had labored with us all winter, was going to Europe. We had had *some* experience, the year before, with the instructor who now took our class, and had found him always ready to frown upon any excuses for an unlearned lesson. But now there was a great change; he made pleasant little jokes; he smiled upon the know-nothings as well as upon the know-alls. After a few such lessons we gave ourselves up to our fate. Dr. — did not care whether we had worked up the subject or not, so it was evident that he either intended to pass all, or to flunk all but the learned few. So then and there some of us, at least, ceased to worry, and, if the truth be told, to study, and possessed our souls in patience until we should hear the

results of the examination. The pleasantest part of our theory was proved to be correct. O, Dr. —, will you ever know how we worshiped at the Fiskian shrine, when you passed us all? Such a termination of our course was surely a legitimate cause for a Sophomore triumph. Many schemes were talked of, but we finally decided upon a day spent in the Bronx Park, where we would burn up Legendre, Conic Sections, Peck's Determinants and Manual of Algebra. . . . Forgive the pause,; but such awful recollections necessitate a rest. As the Bronx Park is within the city limits we applied to the Park Department for permission to hold our class triumph there. We received a permit, with the assurance that a policeman would meet us at Bedford Park station to show us the way.

One morning during the last week in May, we assembled at the Grand Central Depot to take an early train. We carried our abhorred Mathematics for the last time, besides many bundles of all sizes and shapes, which contained our "spread." At Bedford Park we met the policeman arrayed in the becoming gray-blue uniform of the park policeman. Some of our class had been in the Bronx Park before, and so knew where the best place was. We took the longest way; for walking under those great, branching trees with their fresh, springlike foliage was a perfect delight after two weeks of hot examination work.

We came to the river, now flowing quietly along, and then forming into a little cascade as it dashed over the stones. We settled ourselves near the stream, down in a small ravine where there were rocks on which we could build a fire. Above, on our left, was a bridge over the river, and near the end of the bridge our policeman stood as a sentinel guarding the approach to our

## THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

ravine, keeping off all intruders. Here we built our funeral pyre, with the aid of the policeman, who rolled down some stieks and small logs to us. Then with "joy supreme" we east Legendre into the midst of the flames. How delightful it was to see the edges of the pages eurl and shrivel slowly as if they were loath to cease torturing us—slowly but yet surely. "As a man sow-eth, so shall he also reap," and we felt that Legendre was but suffering justly. Several much-hated and brain-tiring propositions we tore from Legendre and burnt separately, and watched theorem, figure, proof, down to the Q. E. D., writhe in agony and then fall in ashes. Blacker and blacker the whole mass became, but still bore some resemblance to a book; when we suddenly bethought ourselves that we would save the mournful-looking remains and send them to our instructor, thus showing him what gratitude a man may expect who teaches Mathematics.

Another part of our ceremonies now demanded attention. The burning of a hated book is surely nothing but a subject for rejoicing. But the funeral obsequies of a man are different. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, even if one were not devoted to the *mortuis* when living. So our procession formed. Pale and blond, attired in his cap and gown, we laid our instructor down, while we chanted the funeral dirge:

Solemn and slow,  
Onward we go,  
Heavy our hearts and depressed with awful  
    woe.  
Measured our tread,  
We carry the dead,  
Him to convey to his funeral bed.  
E'er were his hands  
Paler than man's;  
Now is his face just as white as the snow;  
No more a blush

That cheek will flush  
When he beholds '95 Sophomore.  
Never, I wis,  
Will he show this  
Cheek, in that way meek, but awfully bored.  
Mortarboard's tassel  
He'll no more shake,  
When come the days that make all of us  
quake.  
Tenderly bear  
Onward the fair.  
Move not his shroud, he's arranged it with  
care.  
Wreaths now do spread  
Over his bed,  
But hide not the part in the middle of his  
head.  
Sound then ye cries  
Up to the skies!  
Sound then ye woods with the deepest of  
groans!  
Never again,  
Never again,  
Shall we more hear thee, thou d(r)earrest of  
men.

Sadly we gaze upon thee,  $\Phi\varepsilon\tilde{v}$ ,  $\Phi\varepsilon\tilde{v}$   
(pronounce phéf), "Thou beautiful but ineffectual angel beating thy wings in a luminous void."

The classic cap and the remnants of the burned gown were saved to be sent to the great original of the effigy.

The solemnities over, we rested, and sighed with calm content at the thought of our freedom. We could scarcely realize that we had written a final *Quod erat faciendum* upon our Mathematics. Was it possible that we should no longer be obliged to drag ourselves across a room to see some poor quaking creature demonstrate a proof in which she too often feared that she might finish where she had started? It was a great day for us; it is not so often in life that one looks forward to a certain day for two years, and then has one's anticipations fully realized.



## THE MYSTIC THREE.

The ancient Greeks and Romans did one and all agree  
That there were mystic powers in the magic number three,  
So now to learn the reason you need no longer seek,  
Why three girls learn Analytics just three times every week.  
On Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, at precisely half-past ten,  
Up two long tiring flights of stairs the maidens climb, and then—  
Oh, then they sit quite comfortably, and wait out in the hall  
Till F—— forgets the Seniors, and the Juniors can recall.  
Then they enter, take their seats, the instructor hums and haws,  
The girls, though model students, talk to fill the little pause.  
Presently the lesson starts, and then they talk no more,  
For, from that moment on, the instructor owns the floor ;  
Save when, by kind permission, Miss Van E. goes to the board,  
And even then it is not long before his voice is heard,—  
“ Here’s a pointer, Miss Van E., you’ll find it more effective.”  
Miss Van E. then looks quite squelched at such a mild invective.  
But she’s not the only victim to be sat upon this day,  
For Miss B. gets up—Oh heavens! what is that I hear her say ?  
“ X over Z is seven,”—Dr. F. cannot stand that.  
Thinks he, “ Miss B. shall not go on until on her I’ve sat.”  
He says, in voice like thunder, “ Will you never learn to see  
Mathematicians have agreed to call it *X by Z* ? ”  
Next he turns upon Miss H.— ’tis too much for his patience—  
Her problem is correct, but she’s left out *two* equations.  
“ Besides, these Chinese puzzles I have never learnt to solve,  
And life’s too short to make yours out, ’twould too much time involve.”  
Oh, these poor luckless maidens! one by one their faults he names.  
The bell rings, and the maidens think their one protector’s James.

## THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

Barnard students have long desired to suggest a proper form for an examination in Mathematics. They submit the following paper as the result of much earnest thought in the matter, and would like to add that many of the problems have been already solved by members of the college :

### BARNARD COLLEGE

#### DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS.

##### FINAL EXAMINATION,

JUNE 19, —.

I. Given the distance in inches between Columbia College and Barnard, required the number of minutes late any instructor will be on a slippery morning.

[Answer is a variable quantity depending upon instructor.]

II. To find the shortest line joining

the office and the study room at lunch time. A solution by sound is suggested.

III. Given the time allowed in any examination equal to  $T$  ; and time required by particular student equal to  $T^1$  ; required a solution. Only one case is discussed when  $T^1$  is greater than  $T$ . In such a case, let it be remembered that  $T - T^1$  will be a negative quantity, and by the laws of logarithms *and* examinations  $T - T^1 = E$ .

IV. Given respective rates of B—, C— and K— in filling a student's mind ; how long would it take them, all working together.

Answer.—Approximately four years.

V. In Latin metre to prove that a short syllable may be metrically long without making a quantitative difference in pronunciation.

[A large reward is offered for a solution. Apply to Dr.—.]

## A POPULAR MAN.

[AIR : *Colonel's Song from Patience.*]

If you want a receipt for a man that is popular,

Take of the alphabet all that you can,

Stir up the letters, but don't be too jocular,—

Boil them with roots of the pure Avestan,—

Add a dash of Pahlavi, a flavor Teutonic,

A smack of High Gothic, a garnish of Zend,

A *soupeon* of Shakespeare, a savor Miltonic,—

Set on the fire to simmer and blend.

Zeal of the Orient, Saxon in attitudes,

Grace of the Angle accustomed to bend,

Eye for the brilliance that lurks in our platitudes,

Making us feel that the man is our friend.

Take of these elements all that is fusible,

Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible,

Set them to simmer and take off the scum,

And a *popular man* is the residuum.

## A Toast.

"Here's to our Alma Mater,  
 Long may she rise!  
 Exalted be her banner  
 Till it reach the skies!"

I wonder how many of us in wishing long life to our Alma Mater, realize that she is younger than her children. In fact she is barely five years old, and will not be of age till we are well on towards the forties. But we must "count time by heart throbs," and reverence her on the principle that she lives more in one day than we in many. Hers is a sort of aggregate existence. If she lives in every struggle with Mathematics, through every conflict with Greek verbs, in every experiment and occasionally an explosion in Chemistry; and if here, too, the axiom holds true, and her intellectual growth equals "the sum of the increments," then, since we are told she lives in her children, she is already venerable enough. Again, if she has lived only one year for each of the children she has now, she is over a century old.

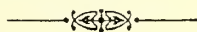
Logically, then, she is venerable. Mythologically, perhaps, like Minerva, she had no childhood but sprang full armed from the head of Jove, the Jove in this case being not the Olympian with the thunderbolts, but the Columbian with the library. (However, the Olympian, having exchanged his thunderbolts for a copy of the Phæacians, has condescended to dwell for a time among mortals.)

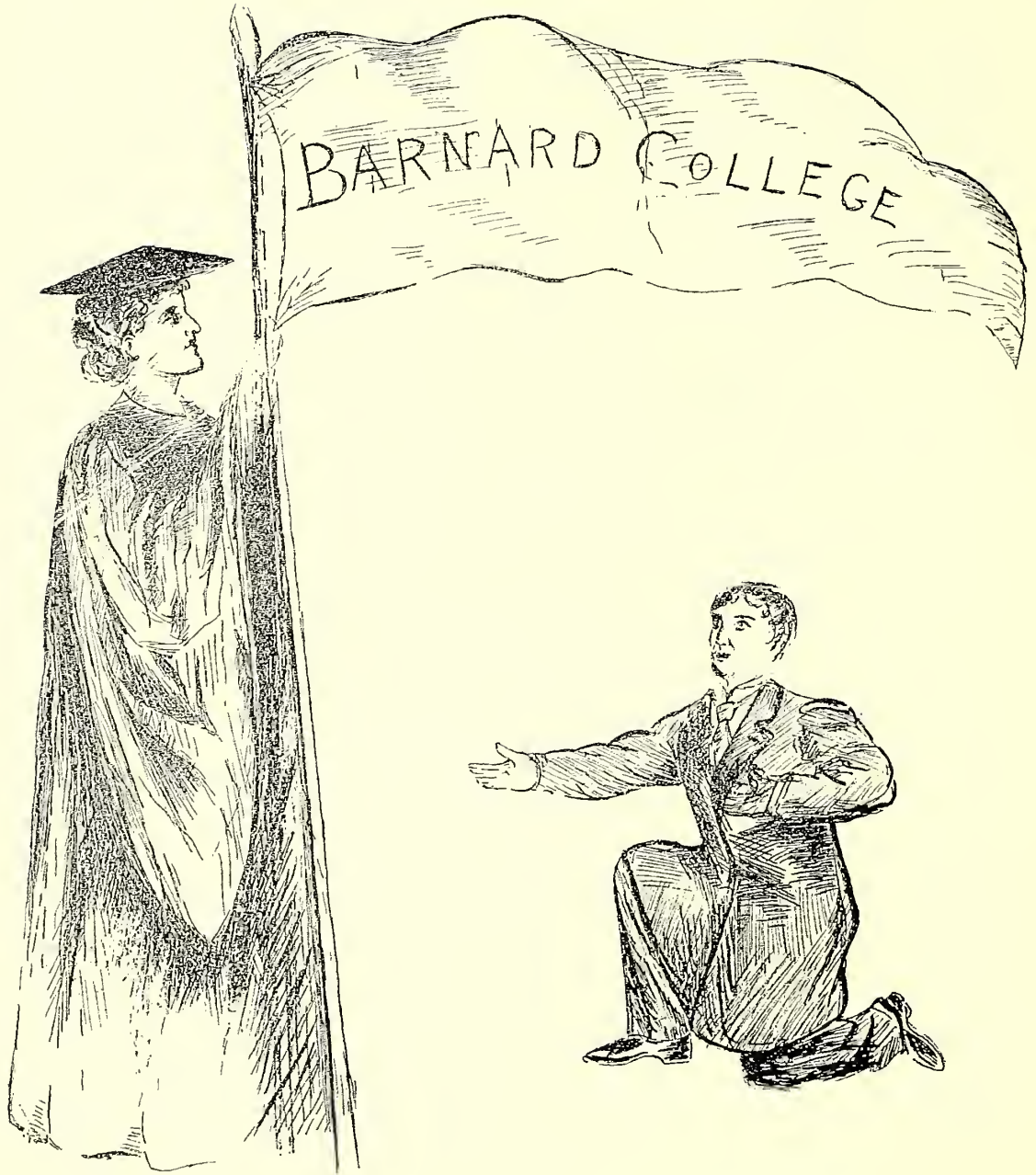
But seriously, we do love our Alma Mater and we shall cherish her more and more for all she has done in raising the standard of intellectual womanhood. We realize, too, how much her future glory depends upon her graduates. Sidney Smith,

in his caustic satire, observed that knowledge was fast increasing at Oxford, because the students on entering brought a great deal with them, but took little away; hence it accumulated. Let us, when we leave Barnard, depending upon the instructors and especially upon future Freshmen for new supplies, take with us not only the knowledge gained from our Alma Mater, but also characters shaped and strengthened by her loving hand, to show the world what Barnard has done for us. Then, in gratitude for all the benefits gained from her, we may well raise our banner high, but how make it reach the sky?

An easy solution of this problem presents itself. Recent magazines are full of allusions to the *height* of the modern girl, and our own observations tell us that there are more very tall girls to-day than there used to be. Now we are modern girls, and if we continue to live in an atmosphere of mental elevation, in this city of elevated roads, and to attend this college where even the laboratories occupy such an elevated position, may we not hope among our own number to find a girl so tall that she can raise our banner to the sky?

Then too, side by side with the extraordinary height of woman, physiologists note a corresponding decrease in the size of the modern man. Granted that this be also true, give full play for a moment to your imaginations and see the Barnard student standing erect, waving her banner so high that only the glittering fringe can be seen below the clouds; and on the ground before her, hardly visible from that lofty height, her fellow-student of Columbia gazing with uplifted eyes, in speechless admiration of the banner of our Alma Mater!







# CHESTNUTS.

Wonderful in tireless patience,  
With philosophic explanations,  
In lucid words he tries to teach us  
Appreciation of Lucretius.

He makes our class enthusiastic,  
Revellers in the mind's gymnastic,  
And shows us philosophies manifold,  
The fruits of lives in days of old.

But after a talk on the Stoic School,  
And "freedom from pain," the Epicure's rule,  
We noticed him leave our class one day—  
Nay, oft it happened—the truth I say.

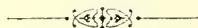
And can you picture our dismay?  
We saw him stop upon his way—  
Just a block beyond the College Hall—  
To greet an Italian, who kept a stall.

Oh, did he discourse of *ὁ ἄτομος*,  
With a newly-found philosophus?  
And did he prove the need of space  
That things may move from place to place?

Oh, no! Oh, woe! Our idol fell—  
How can I this sad story tell?  
He handed the man a couple of pence,  
And then he quickly betook him hence.

But all the way to his destination  
He devoured chestnuts for recreation;  
For a while he could be a hungry mortal,  
Until he reached Columbia's portal.

And so, like Proteus of old-time story,  
In changing forms he finds his glory.  
Believe who will, believe who can,  
The philosopher's still a hungry man!



The Class of '96 beg to petition their much beloved mentor, Miss Bl----e, besides her valuable instruction, to take upon herself the supervision of their cloak-room. It has been noticed that of late horrible untidiness has prevailed; the number of pins in the pincushion has diminished from the rightful number of ten to eight; the waste basket has been upset twice within the last six weeks; several distinct drops of water were spilled over the table on March the sixteenth at half past ten, and so forth. In this dreadful state of affairs the class look to Miss Bl----e as their helping hand, confident that her talents lie in this direction, and trusting that she will no longer hide her light behind a bushel, but will let it shine for the benefit of the class of '96.

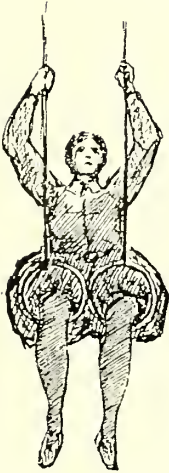


Girls Can Fly.

Have you seen the Berkeley Lyceum,  
On Forty-fourth Street, West?  
What the Barnard students do there  
The girls themselves know best.

I would not reveal their secrets,  
But you really ought to see  
That line of learned maidens  
In loose trousers, to the knee.

Their running and their vaulting  
Would put a boy to shame.  
As for climbing, swinging, jumping!  
These I shall not even name.



They climb—to use hyperbole—  
Up to the very sky;  
They swing aloft on ladders  
But they never learned to fly.

Some things by intuition  
Come to animals, 'tis true,  
Human, as well as others,  
As I soon shall prove to you.

After the lesson's over  
Some girls stay there (on the sly),  
For, although Eliza's warned them,  
She has never told them why.

One day—it was last Tuesday—  
When the line had broken ranks,  
They sought rings, bars, trapezes,  
And tried all sorts of pranks.

Ere long a class of Berkeley men  
Appeared upon the stair,  
And they kindly kept quite silent  
For fear the girls they'd scare.

But when the maidens saw them  
Their shrieks did rend the hall,  
The men were much embarrassed (?),  
The maidens flew—that's all.



A FRESHMAN'S SHAKESPEARE.

Here will be an old abusing of . . . the King's English.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

My Freshman days, when I was green in judgment.—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

We, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness, and the bettering of our minds.—*The Tempest.*

Is it not a lamentable thing that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? And that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should make a graduate?  
—*Henry VI.*

Oh, what professors dare do!  
What professors may do!  
What professors daily do,  
Not knowing what they do!  
—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

Banish our James and banish all the world.—*Henry IV.*

Bid me discourse, I will talk forever.—*Venus and Adonis.*

A Brooklynite, a lad of mettle, a good boy.—*Henry IV.*

CLO. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

MAL. That the souls of professors might haply inhabit peacocks.—*Twelfth Night.*

The bell, the bell, the lusty bell  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.  
—*As You Like It.*

Let me have books about me that aren't fat;  
Sleek-sided books that let you sleep o' nights;  
Yond lexicon has no lean nor hungry look:  
Such books are dangerous.  
—*Julius Caesar.*

PROF. The maid that hath no Horace in her soul,  
Nor is not moved with concord of his sounds  
Isn't fit for Barnard, but nursery and toys;  
Let no such maid be accepted.—*Merchant of Venice.*

One maid in her time plays several parts,  
Her acts being four years. At first the Freshman,  
Meek and modest in her new-found sphere;  
And then proud Sophomore, with her satchel  
And grand, superior air, hastening like thought  
Most willingly to college. And then the Junior,  
Working like furnace, with countless papers  
Written on wisdom's lore. Then the Senior,  
Full of wise saws, and learned as a prof.,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in answer,  
Seeking the bubble graduation  
Even in a thesis' clutch.—*As You Like It.*

## THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

PHE. Good student, tell this maiden what 'tis to study.  
LIL. It is to be all made of eyes and ears ;  
And so am I for English.  
PHE. And I for Mathematics.  
ORL. And I for Greek.  
ROS. And I for no study.  
LIL. It is to be all made of concentration.  
All made of interest, duty, and observance,  
All diligence, all patience, not impatience,  
All thoughtfulness, all trial, all observance,  
And so am I for English.  
PHE. And so am I for Mathematics.  
ORL. And so am I for Greek.  
ROS. And so am I for no study.—*As You Like It.*

FIRST WITCH. Thrice the number one makes two.

SECOND WITCH. Thrice and once the number take.

FIRST WITCH. Round about the data go :

In the calculation throw,  
A that stands for term the first,  
N the number there immersed,  
L the last that we have got,  
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.

ALL. Double, double, add and double,  
Problem's work and data's trouble.

SECOND WITCH. Every little detail write,  
How much two times two now cite,  
Ten, less two, you know, makes eight,  
Never this forget to state.  
Do not lump it all together,  
Or we'll have some stormy weather.

ALL. Double, double, add and double,  
Problem's work and data's trouble.—*Macbeth.*



## A FRAGMENT.

Once to Greece his footsteps led him,  
Where his heart e'er yearns to be,  
And from thence his classes daily  
Heard of sights far o'er the sea.

Once quite guilelessly he told us  
How in that fair land of song,  
Phœbus in his glory reigneth  
With a power both full and strong.

And our dear Professor wisely,  
To protect his face from tan,  
Walked beneath a white umbrella,  
What a sight for gods and man!

THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

PARTING SONG.

(To the tune of Juanita).

Soon far away our footsteps we shall wend,  
Is ours another May thus to spend friend  
with friend?

Oh, let naught asunder part us ere this life  
is done,

Helping one another till the goal be won,  
*ὄττι, ὄττι ἔχῳ!*

Thus 'tis written in our hearts.  
*ὄττι, ὄττι ἔχῳ!*

May we live our parts.

A TRAGEDY IN HALF AN ACT.

---

*Dramatis Personæ :*

PROFESSOR ZIMMERMANN.

GHOST OF PROF. Z.'s CONSCIENCE.

---

ACT I.

Library.—8 o'clock P.M.—Prof Z. in a chair, napping.—Alarm clock goes off.

*Prof. Z.* (waking up leisurely). What, 8 o'clock already! I wish it weren't. I don't think it can be. How can it be 8, when I don't think it is? It isn't 8 o'clock (closes his eyes).

*Ghost.*

I beg you kindly, please,  
To get up at your ease,  
To read those essays you must wake,  
For it's 8 o'clock, and no mistake.

*Prof. Z.* (re-opening his eyes). Now, who the deuce can that be? The idea of saying I *must* wake! Doesn't the fool know that there is no such thing as *must* in the world? I really must try and impress that on my pupils. Then again, to be philosophical, it doesn't seem to have been anyone at all that I heard just now; for, considering I'm not at all sure that I exist, I surely can't be sure that I heard anything, so that the case becomes one of antecedent probability, and nothing is sure. Doesn't it? (Sits up.)

*Ghost.*

Oh, hurry up now, do,  
And look these essays through.  
They're enough to drive one *fou*,  
Still it must be done by you.

(At this point the ghost presumably brings the essays to the table, for Prof. Z. isn't at all sure that he did it. Neither am I.)

*Prof. Z.* (opening an essay entitled "The Problem of Poverty," and reading to himself). "The Problem of Poetry." Why do people write about such things, when everybody thinks differently about them? (Turning to last paragraph.) "We hope, however, that at some future time men will indulge less in charity, and more in justice." I don't think that applies—now, does it? (Writes on cover of essay :) "I like this, as far as I can follow ; in most places I fail to get your point." (Pulls out "Les Trois Mousquetaires," becomes absorbed in page 2016, which he is reading for the 313th time.)

*Ghost.* The deuce! How often must I say  
That this is work, and is not play?  
Now come along, cheer up, be bright,  
And put your Dumas out of sight.

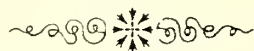
(Ghost removes Dumas.)

*Prof. Z.* (opening the third essay, after having written "Good" on second). "The Ascent of Mont Blanc." Oh, I remember that I wrote on that myself formerly. (Writes absent-mindedly :) "Don't." (Comes to fifth paper.) Let me see, this is Miss T's. That girl would write well, if she only did. "The Impressions of a Lively Gentleman at the Theatre." That sounds amusing. (Reads half a page.) She'll have to explain that. (Writes :) "Not always logical. Moral obscure. Try again." (Pulls out his Matthew Arnold, makes notes by the yard.)

*Ghost.* Now, really I'm ashamed of you,  
This sort of thing will never do.  
Of essays you've yet got a slew.  
Your negligence you're sure to rue.

*Prof. Z.* Excuse me, sir, but with your leave I'll take the liberty of doing what I choose. (Reads, grows emotional.) Oh, the devil take his dogmas!

(Dreadful crash. Dante comes tumbling down from his pedestal. Curtain drops.)



### A Specimen of a Columbia Professor's English, to be Rendered into Classical Latin.

Accordingly, sorrowfully and almost at a loss what to do, the generals descended into the Campus Martius on the day of the elections, and turning towards the magistrates, looked around upon the countenances of the leading men who were gazing at one another, and murmured that their fortunes were so utterly lost and that such despair was felt

for the State that no one dared to accept the command for Spain, when suddenly P. Cornelius, son of that Publius who had fallen in Spain, then about twenty-four (24) years of age, declaring himself a candidate, took his station upon a platform in order that he might be clearly seen from it.



### In the Lunch Room.

When Barnard College removes with Columbia to Bloomingdale, and the girls have a luxuriously appointed lunch-room along with the other conveniences of the new building, one very interesting feature of our daily life at present will be done away with. The Self-Government Committee will issue a decree that no studying must be done in the lunch-room, but that the girls must simply eat, drink and be merry, though later they flunk. Look in with me now upon our present lunch-room, any time from eleven to half past two—for one may always find some hungry student eating between these hours.

You hear a wild roar of voices before I open the door, and then a partial hush for an instant, because some of the girls, without looking around, think it is the Registrar, come to silence them by an imperative glance. Please sit here by the door, so that you may escape quickly if the noise deafens you.

This is our study-parlor as well as lunch-room, hence the Greek lexicons stand side by side with cups of coffee and plates of bread and butter. That table over by the window is devoted especially to the Freshmen, the Sophomores gather about the one near the mantel, while the Seniors sit sedately about this one in front of us, discussing with equal facility problems in Calculus, Ethics and Domestic Economy. The Juniors—exclusive creatures—lunch all by themselves in another room.

Listen now to this jargon. Can you occasionally catch a word? "Why, I thought all nice girls were Republicans—no, not the milk, the sugar, if you please—did you decide that conscience is an infallible guide to conduct?—yes, she has been engaged three years—and he is really the nicest instructor at Barnard—but still, that does not prove the doctrine of evolution conclusively—there's our mouse again, I saw him run under the book case!" (Hereupon one or two girls, true to the instinct of their sex, clutch their skirts nervously, while the rest continue to eat calmly.) "Poke him out with this ruler and I'll give him some crumbs—oh, don't you want to read my Latin to me?—you must take both equations—and don't jar the oven after you put it in, or it will fall as flat as Dr.—'s jokes—look out, you are spilling your coffee on Mahaffy—that is Classen's view of the passage—I have read that over six times and don't know yet what it means—yes, two lumps, please—hark, what is that noise in the street?—don't let them see you looking out, it is only a dozen Columbia men saluting us, to let loose their surplus energy—they'd better save it for Mathematics—I hear that half the class flunked in the mid-year—do shut that door? I won't have every passing instructor see what I am eating."

And so it goes on, studying and gossiping and swallowing between sentences. Bread and butter disappear rapidly, and the voices rise higher and higher. Do you wonder that the strain of eating and drinking in such a whirl sometimes frays the nerves of the Barnard girl who can calmly study hour after hour in her own quiet home?



An Imaginary Conversation

*Between Mr. X. and Dr. Y., who meet in the Hall at Barnard College.*

MR. X.—Are you going to 49th Street?

DR. Y.—Yes, are you?

MR. X.—I shall go in a moment. If you'll wait, we can go together. I must leave a book in the office for the Juniors before I go.

MR. X. mounts the stairs, leaving Dr. Y. in the hall, gazing abstractedly at nothing. In a short time Mr. X. returns, and the two gentlemen leave the building together.

MR. X.—One of the girls in my class asked me where Pippa Passes were. She thought they were in the Alps.

DR. Y.—Are you reading Browning with them now?

MR. X.—Yes—I do the reading and they don't do the rest—although of course that's somewhat exaggerated.

DR. Y.—Do you admire Browning?

MR. X.—Immensely! I think he's a giant among men, with some of the grotesqueness to our eyes that Gulliver had to the eyes of the Lilliputians. The strength, beauty, and healthful tone of his *real* poems is wonderful. But, of course, I do not express my opinion to the class.

DR. Y.—Wait a moment—oh, he isn't here to-day! The Italian who generally occupies this corner and whom I patronize isn't to be seen now. There are two of the girls coming down the street. I suppose they have been at the library. Watch them pretend they haven't seen us until we are right before their eyes.

MR. X.—It's fun to meet them in the library. They hate to see any of us there—I heard one of them say so the other day, and really they look as if we took their breath away.

DR. Y.—I don't like to meet them on the street. They always make me feel that they are criticising the manner in which I take off my hat. I wonder what they think of us.

MR. X. (gloomily).—Nothing very complimentary of me, I am sure.

DR. Y.—Oh, nonsense, you know they like you. Didn't they all take your course? I have such small classes.

MR. X.—They spread themselves out thin. One takes one course, another takes a different one. I hear they had a play down there, a few weeks ago, in which they took us off. I hope I was in it, for I should rather have them make fun of me than neglect me.

DR. Y.—Is there no way in which we could find out about it? Perhaps James could give us a few points. He generally knows everything.

MR. X.—It's a pity that they do not invite us to any of their affairs. I am sure we should have a glorious time. In other colleges, the girls give teas and receptions to their instructors.

DR. Y.—I wonder what kind of book their "Annual" is going to be? I do hope it will be better than the "Columbian." They say that they want it to be more literary!

MR. X.—There is that man whom I flunked last term. Talk to me, and I'll pretend not to see him when he passes.

DR. Y.—I must stop at Sabiston & Murray's before I go to college, so good-bye.

MR. X.—Good-bye. Shall I see you to-night at the theatre?

DR. Y.—Oh, yes—yes. Good-bye.

## A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH.

"He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you will see him."—*As You Like It.*

With many a curve the boards I fret,  
With many a plane and angle,  
And many a gentle Freshman get  
In wilderness and tangle.  
I point, I draw, I write, I cite,  
Like congressmen in lobbies,  
I make the gentle Freshmen strike  
Against my little hobbies.  
I potter, potter, as I go,  
To teach the gentle Freshmen,  
And they may come and they may go,  
But I mark on forever.

With many a smile my face I light,  
With many a smile sarcastic,  
And many a sudden answer trite  
I make with thought elastic.  
I smile, I talk, I sit, I git  
With bag of ancient making,  
Wherein are themes by Freshmen writ,  
For smiles of private taking;  
I read and mark them so and so,  
To teach the gentle Freshmen,  
And they may come and they may go,  
But I smile on forever.

With many a turn the room I walk,  
In many a chair I settle,  
And many a smile as swift as hawk  
Reflects my ways of metal.  
I slip, I skip, I stalk, I walk,  
I harp upon good order,  
Like Injun with a tomahawk  
Upon our far-off border.  
I read to them dramatically,  
To teach the gentle Freshmen,  
And they may come and they may go,  
But I amuse forever.

I lean upon the table smooth,  
I gaze about the classes,  
I make a mark if it behooves,  
To show how lesson passes.  
I read, I fly, sometimes I shy  
A call on listening Freshmen,  
Through many a passage I do hie  
Beyond the time allotted,  
And I do sate by staying late,  
To teach the gentle Freshmen—  
The bell may ring and it may ding,  
But I stay on forever.

THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

‘Η Πρᾶσις

*Scene:* Barnard College Study.

*Time:* The Spring of 1891.

You remember it, my classmates, that mild, sunny day when we met at the college to celebrate our first festival. The songs of the birds, the gentle influence of the season failed to soften the dire purpose in our hearts; for we had determined to pronounce judgment upon the heads of those who had led us up the hill of difficulty through our first college year.

We formed a mystic circle in whose center rose our—must the truth be known? our auctioneers! Yes, in a novel way were the victims to be sacrificed upon the altar of Justice.

Do you not see it all once more? Is it not strange at what varying prices the articles are “knocked down”? Mr. This goes for almost nothing, while Dr. That is commanding exorbitant sums. Our interest rises as one after another the victims are claimed by the priestesses and borne away as prizes. At length Dr. Y. is held up to the view of the anxious spectators. Low sums are at first offered, when suddenly, to the astonishment of her companions, Miss X. cries out: I'll give  $\infty$  for him!” Now, see the flashing looks of the other maidens. The whole scene is transformed; excitement and anger grow. Infinity is squared, raised to the 25th, to 100th, to the 1,000th power. Miss X. can bear it no longer and exclaims “infinity to the infinity power.” He's hers. When the storm has somewhat abated, there follows a sale of the

most quiet kind. Mr. Z. has no bidder. Two cents is given, three mills, zero and all to no avail. The auctioneer settles the question by declaring that since Miss X. won the preceding treasure she must take this one also to make matters even, at the cost of minus infinity raised to the minus infinity power.

The end is not yet come. He for whom many a purchaser has been reserving her wealth is to be the final one. The gold of Croesus is to the very first bid in the same proportion as a drop of water is to the ocean. All previous bargains are inadequate. Fast and furious waxes the contest, louder and louder sound the cries. What is to be done? Miss —— is tall and stately, wise and witty; we regard her as our queen. Behold her! Flushed and trembling, her dark eyes gleaming with jealousy, her black hair falling over her brow, she springs into our midst, uplifts her arms, and, slowly kneeling, gravely whispers: “I give my life for him!”

\* \* \* \* \*

This was in our Freshman year. In these, our sober Junior days, we love to recall “those foolish, happy times,” so long gone by. Perhaps, we sometimes even now, though so very wise and learned, wish that we might again be frivolous and noisy; that instead of setting a noble example of propriety and decorum to modern Freshmen, we might again—“Who can say?”





'95's EMBLEMS.

"*Οτι ἔχω*" is the motto that is graven on our shield ;  
Sweet pea blossoms as our flower, and the soft pink which they yield  
For our color we have taken—each itself with meaning fraught  
And, united to the motto, adding beauty to the thought.

"*Οτι ἔχω*"—with no question as to whether it will pay ;  
"*Οτι ἔχω*"—let the doing or the giving cost what may ;  
"All that lies within our power" for uplifting human kind  
By our help, our sympathy and love, at every chance we find.

Pink—the brightness and content with which we make the sacrifice  
Which will often be demanded where so many things entice ;  
The happiness with which we wish some other lives to dower ;  
The rosy flush of morning hope, of sunset's quiet hour.

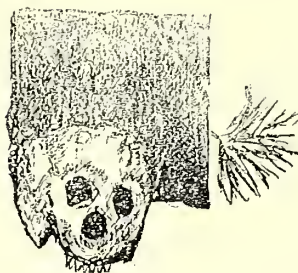
Sweet pea blossoms mean departure, and they mean it for us, too ;  
Departure from old mansions to more stately ones and new,  
Which have slowly been upbuilt by the patient growing soul,  
Like the poet's chambered nautilus, while changing seasons roll.

Then we share the College colors, the dear old blue and white,  
The purity and truth with which we battle for the right.  
If we're faithful to these lessons, though the world should never deign  
To note our eager striving, we shall not have lived in vain.



THE EVOLUTION OF AN INSTRUCTOR.





### '96's Luncheon.

'96 is an awfully original class (if you don't believe it see class song), and so we topped off our first year's work with an awfully original affair. We gave a luncheon. And in an awfully original way, too, we gave it at Jaeger's. Some walked, some went in a horse-car. One girl flew—she hadn't had any breakfast. That girl was disappointed. She saw no luncheon for two hours and a half. This is why. A gentleman came from Pach's and it took him just two hours and a half to get us in a graceful pose (see class picture). Fifteen minutes after we were eating ice cream and cakes (some said the ice cream had whisky in it). Next came squabs and salad, and then ice cream again! Wasn't that queer? The squabs were served with peas and cracked E's in which was immortalized an awfully original song about Johnny. (It was the same girl that had

once volunteered to put some Greek prose on the board.) At this juncture something heavy fell—our only piano virtuoso had dropped her expression.

Last course.—Mystic Ceremonies. You would like to know them, wouldn't you? After that we had some more fun. We murdered a man in a cake dish and he wouldn't die. He kept bobbing up and saying, "I really never gave girls credit for so much, now, really I didn't!" But he was mortal and he went down. The picture shows what he looked like when he was fished up. His funeral ceremonies consisted in a ball which was started with the best of intentions. Then, after all the fun, we bade each other a pathetic farewell and went home "after having spent one of the pleasantest afternoons we had ever had the good fortune to enjoy."

---

We take great pleasure in announcing that a work of enormous value is being written by a Barnard instructor. The title is "Horace's Entire Works, Expurgated." It is peculiarly valuable in that it enables the student at the regular rate of fifteen lines per recitation to complete the reading of the entire works of Horace in the course of one term.

# THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede you tent it ;  
A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
An' faith she'll prent it."

"B—b—t's a very learned man,  
And aids you in every way he can ;  
Though of subjects there is one  
On which his thoughts do oft-times run.  
Lo ! 'tis phonetics."

C. S——s B——n.  
"A frame with laughter shaken,  
And head that rests on hand,  
You scarce could be mistaken—  
His countenance is bland.

In voice both low and gentle,  
As lecturing to the air,  
His words elude the maidens,  
'Till fain they'd tear their hair."

"Who tells you just to 'solve in blank,'  
And makes you be exact ?  
Who tells you how to arrange your work  
To make it more compact ?  
His photograph I'd like to take  
And write thereunder, 'this is B—c,'  
Oh, there ! I nearly told you."

C—p—t—r ! "Thou art no servant of priests,  
pulpits, or penny papers."

C—y ! "If the world seems cold to you,  
Kindle fires to warm it."

"All his facts observed,  
Set in a note-book, learned and  
Conned by rote."

M. A. 'Eph. "With a classical tip  
To his classical lip."

"H—s—p is in Logic a great critic,  
Profoundly skilled in Analytic."

"J. Mac— alluded to 'proportions,'  
He propounded problems old,  
He mentioned oft 'progressions,'  
Always happy when he told  
Of the mystic, mighty cipher,  
And of endless planes that pass.  
With what strange charms of infinity  
Did he captivate the class ?"

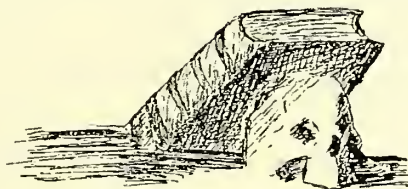
N. W. Lggt. "A lady practical, imperative,  
With mind compact and  
clear and self-possessed,  
And reason peremptory and  
competent"

S—r—za. "He was a verray parfit, gentil  
knight."

M'C— "For he dotes on the Epicureans,  
And he knows all about the  
Chaldeans,  
He'll talk himself hoarse  
In Philosophy's course  
Through hundreds and hundreds  
of aeons."

"Why need I volumes, if one word suffice ?"  
—CAROLUS K—.

"Take a B. ès S. and a B. ès L.  
An A. M. and a Ph. D.,  
And three hundred pounds of avoirdupois  
And our B—j—n W—d—d you'll see."



## THE SONG OF '97.

TUNE.—“Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.”

### I.

O, Barnard, our loved Alma Mater,  
The home of all culture that's true,  
The queen of our heart's deep devotion,  
We offer our homage anew.  
May thy daughters forever be loyal;  
To thy name may all honors accrue;  
May thy banners wave proudly in triumph,  
Our red with thy white and thy blue.

### II.

While life's pathway broadens before us,  
Each day brings new truths not a few;  
We learn here from all that surrounds us,  
With knowledge our lives to endue;  
To look out, and onward, and upward;  
To take of this life a broad view;  
That we may be proud of each other,  
As well as of red, white and blue.

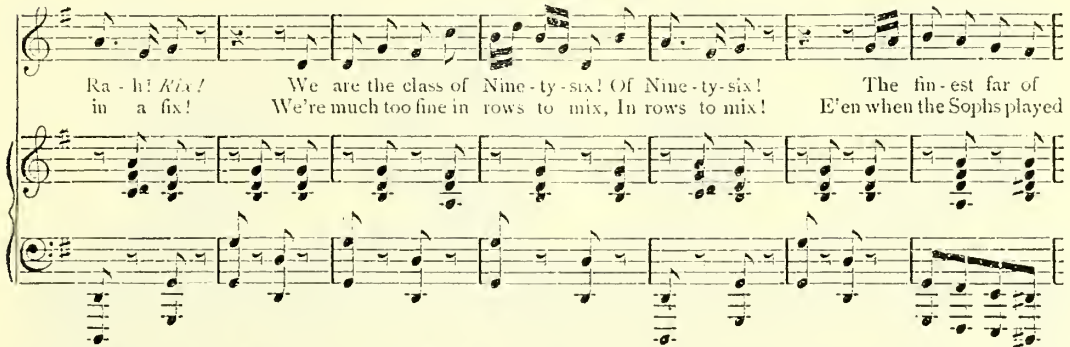
### III.

Fair Barnard, when far we are scattered,  
And different paths we pursue,  
May the friendships here formed, e're be  
cherished  
Mid memories of red, white and blue.  
May our hearts faithful be to thy service,  
Our lives to thy teaching be true.  
Live on, O Barnard, forever!  
All hail to our red, white and blue!

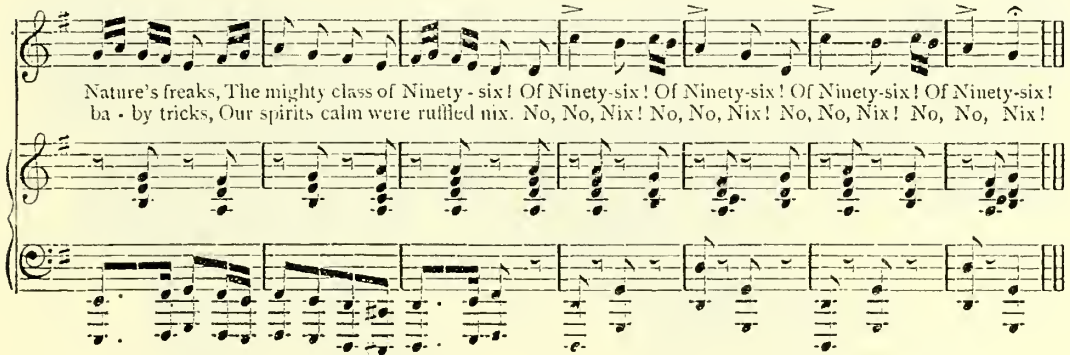
# SONG OF '96.



1. Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! *Rix!* Rah!  
2. We nev-er yet got in a fix. Got



Ra-h! *Rix!* We are the class of Nine-ty-six! Of Nine-ty-six! The fin-est far of  
in a fix! We're much too fine in rows to mix, In rows to mix! E'en when the Sophs played



Nature's freaks, The mighty class of Ninety-six! Of Ninety-six! Of Ninety-six! Of Ninety-six! Of Ninety-six!  
ba-by tricks, Our spirits calm were ruffled nix. No, No, Nix! No, No, Nix! No, No, Nix! No, No, Nix!

3. Rix! Rix! Rix! Rix! Rix! Rix! *Rah!*  
Rix! Rix! *Rah!*  
In brains pre-eminent we are,  
We are! Ja! Ja!  
For this we're known both near and far,  
For beauty though!—So, so—la, la!  
||: So, so—la, la! So, so—la, la! :||

4. Of classes four, the most we do,—  
The most we do!  
We're starting ever something new,—  
Oh, something new!  
Of clubs of all kinds, we've a slew!  
Dramatic. Social, Tennis.—Phew!!  
||: Whew! whew! whew!—Whew! whew! whew! :||

5. To our last talent now we come,  
Oh, now we come!  
Original we are each one,  
We are each one!  
So different from the common run,—  
In short.—in all we take the *bun!*  
||: We take the bun! We take the bun! :||

6. Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! *Rix!*  
Rah! Rah! *Rix!*  
We are the class of Ninety-six!  
Of Ninety-six!  
The finest far of Nature's freaks,  
This mighty class of Ninety-six!  
||: Of Ninety-six! Of Ninety-six! :||



THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

χαλεπὰ τὰ καλὰ



A's are hard to get!



# SARATOGA VICTORIA

Monarch of Table Waters.

(BOTTLED AT THE SPRING ONLY.)

The Most Perfect NATURAL ALKALINE WATER, and for  
mixing with Wines and Liquors Unequaled.

A Pleasant as well as Most Effective Aid to Digestion.

SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLES.

SARATOGA VICTORIA SPRING CO.,

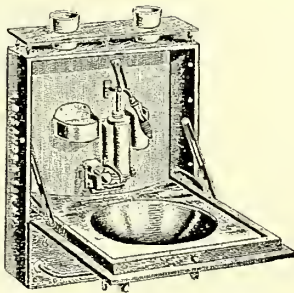
54 West 30th St.,  
Bet. Broadway and 6th Ave.,  
NEW YORK.

Broadway,  
Opp. Congress Spring Park,  
SARATOGA.

ALFRED B. SANDS & SON,  
Yacht · Plumbers.



SAND'S FOLDING LAVATORY,



Size  $19\frac{3}{4} \times 15 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  inches deep.  
Weight 18 lbs.

PATENT PUMP WATER CLOSETS

for Yacht and Launch Use.

134 BEEKMAN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

TO ALL LOVERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Home Nurseries

Rose Hill,

New Rochelle, N. Y.



Tropical Nurseries

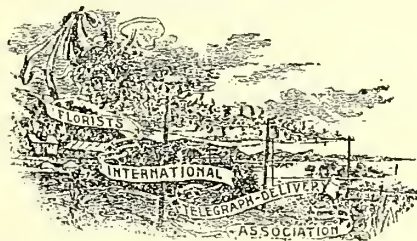
Trinidad,

West Indies.

SIEBRECHT & WADLEY, Floral Decorators.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37th STREET, NEW YORK.

The Choicest Flowers. The Rarest Plants.  
A HALF-MILLION DOLLAR Collection to select from.



FLOWERS BY TELEGRAPH.

We deliver Fresh cut Flowers, as well as Floral Designs, in any city of the United States and Canada, and in all the principal cities of Europe, at short notice.

As members of the Florists' International Telegraph-Delivery Association, we deliver Fresh Flowers through the best resident Florists members in all parts of the world.

E. M. PRITCHARD.

H. F. PRITCHARD.

## E. M. Pritchard & Son,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WINDOW \* FRAMES,  
SASH, DOORS  
AND BLINDS.

Wood Mouldings and Interior Trimmings.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

HARDWOOD DOORS, MANTELS,  
CHURCH WORK, ETC.

138th Street and Mott Avenue,  
Opposite Mott Haven Station,  
NEW YORK.

---

## MOHL & KEMP,

## Ranges and Furnaces

SET, CLEANED  
AND REPAIRED.

CHIMNEYS + SWEPT.

## ROOFS AND LEADERS

REPAIRED AND PAINTED.

947 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

BET. 53D AND 54TH STREETS.

---

JOBGING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

## THE THOMAS J. STEWART COMPANY.

*The Thomas J. Stewart Company is one of the largest concerns of its kind in existence, and the title, "Leading Carpet Cleaners of the World," is aptly fitted to this company. The Stewart Company has extraordinary facilities for the cleaning and beating of carpet, and its processes are the best known. President Stewart has his office in the big building, where any information relative to the business will be cheerfully given. The storage warehouses of the Stewart Company are safe and clean. Inspection of the mammoth moving vans used by Mr. Stewart's company is solicited. They are built for service, are properly padded and have super springs. Mr. Stewart started in the carpet cleaning business on a small scale many years ago, and he has succeeded in making his name and business known all over the world. The principal offices of the Thomas J. Stewart Company are Erie and Fifth Streets, J. C., 1554 Broadway, N. Y., 1238 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn.*

---

## C. C. ELLIS & SON,

BAKERS,  
CONFECTIONERS  
AND  
ICE CREAM  
MANUFACTURERS,

---

NORTH WEST CORNER

## Third Avenue and 56th Street.

---

PROMPT SERVICE TO FAMILIES,  
RESTAURANTS, INSTITUTIONS, ETC.

---

Highest Grade Plain and Fancy Creams for  
Weddings, Church Festivals, Etc.

## D. Van Nostrand Company

design issuing the new edition of their complete Catalogue of Scientific Books in Sections, of which Parts 1, 2 and 3 are now ready for gratuitous distribution.

The others are in preparation and will be issued in the order named.

Part 1.—Steam and Mechanical Engineering.

" 2.—Electricity and Magnetism.

" 3.—Chemical and Physical Science.

" 4.—Civil Engineering.

" 5.—Manufactures and Industrial Arts and Processes.

" 6.—Geology, Mineralogy, Mining and Metallurgy.

" 7.—Hydraulics and Water Supply.

" 8.—Astronomy, Meteorology and Navigation.

" 9.—Architecture, Building, Carpentry and Decoration.

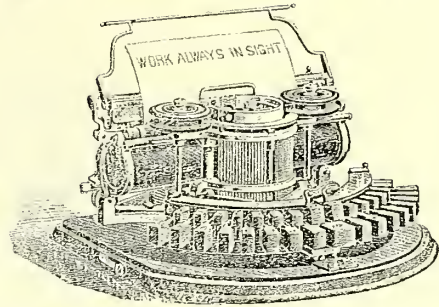
" 10.—Shipbuilding, Naval Architecture, Yacht and Boat Sailing and Building.

" 11.—Drawing, Painting and Photography

" 12.—Mathematics.

**D. VAN NOSTRAND CO.,**  
Publishers, Importers and Booksellers,  
23 Murray and 27 Warren Streets,  
P. O. BOX 1741. NEW YORK CITY.

## BUY THE BEST!



You Can Write in  
ANY LANGUAGE,  
ANY STYLE OF TYPE,  
ANY COLOR OF INK,  
ON ONE MACHINE.  
You can insert paper of any width without  
folding.  
You can't do it on any other machine  
manufactured.  
**The Hammond Typewriter Co.,**  
240 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

## FOR OVER FORTY YEARS



The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company has been before the public, and their name is a synonym for "pure goods only at lowest possible prices." No other article of food should be so carefully tested as to "purity" as the teas and coffees which we drink. This concern was the "pioneer" with reference to not only selling absolutely "pure goods," but also in disposing of them at nearly importation or first prices, thus saving the profits of the "middlemen."

This is done from the fact that they have direct connections with all the principal ports of China and Japan and import direct from the place of growth; and then, too, being the largest buyers and doing the

largest tea business of any tea house in the world, they can and do defy any legitimate competition. Their reputation for coffees is equally great, as they select only the finest brands and discountenance any attempt to deceive the people by substituting spurious coffees, which is to-day being done so largely. Their celebrated brands of coffees, especially the "8 o'Clock Breakfast," are beyond compare, as attested by all old customers. Besides teas and coffees this company carries their own selected brands of spices, baking powder, condensed milk, &c., which can be found always fresh, at their many branch stores. In fact, no table is complete without this company's world-renowned goods.

## The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.,

DIRECT IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Teas, Coffees, Spices, Baking Powder and Condensed Milk  
200 STORES IN UNITED STATES.

HEADQUARTERS: { 31, 33, 35 & 37 Vesey St.,  
64, 66, 68 & 70 Church St.,  
NEW YORK.

J. A. NORCROSS.

O. W. NORCROSS.

## NORCROSS BROTHERS,

### BUILDING CONTRACTORS,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Granite, Brown Sandstones  
and Tuckahoe Marble,

For Building and Monumental Work of Every Description.

BRANFORD RED GRANITE, from Stony Creek, Conn.

WORCESTER GRANITE, from Milford, Mass.

LIGHT GREY GRANITE, from New Hampshire.

KIBBE SANDSTONE, from East Longmeadow, Mass.

WORCESTER SANDSTONE, from East Longmeadow, Mass.

MAYNARD SANDSTONE (red), from East Longmeadow, Mass.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 160 5th Ave.,

MOHAWK BUILDING.

Main Office, Worcester, Mass.

TELEPHONE, LONG DISTANCE.



THE MOST POPULAR ARTICLES OF THEIR KIND.



... FOR HAND AND MACHINE SEWING ...

**Clark's O. N. T. Crochet Cotton**

ON BALLS.

**Clark's O. N. T. Darning Cotton**

ON BALLS.

Milward's Helix Needles and Marshall's Linen Threads

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

*Hotels may change greatly in one year's time ; in two years they are often completely transformed. Every traveler recognizes this fact. The*

**Grand Union Hotel,**

Fourth Ave., 41st and 42d Sts.  
opposite Grand Central Depot,

*has been steadily improved during the last decade until it stands to-day as the leading family and tourist hotel of moderate cost in the city of New-York.*

Elevated R. R. and horse cars to all parts of the city. Central location—right in the centre of the theatre and shopping district. Baggage to and from 42d St. depot free. Every attention to comfort. Rooms \$1.00 per day and upwards.

**FORD & COMPANY, Proprietors.**

ESTABLISHED 1853.

**J. N. KNIGHT & SON,**

**PLUMBERS**

.... AND ....

**GAS FITTERS,**

**755 SEVENTH AVE.,**

**Bet. 49th and 50th Sts., NEW YORK.**

—Personal Attention Given.—

# Printing

also

**BOOKS,**

Standard and Miscellaneous.

**FOREIGN BOOKS,**

French a Specialty.

**STATIONERY,**

Fine and Commercial.

**ENGRAVING,**

Card, Address, Reception, Etc.

**PICTURES**

and Picture Framing.

Colleges Supplied at

**William R. Jenkins,**

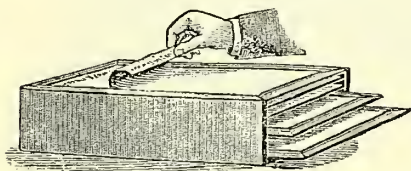
851 AND 853 SIXTH AVENUE,

N. W. cor. 48th St.,

NEW YORK.

## THE Simplex Printer

A New Invention for Duplicating Copies of Writings or Drawings.



**Simple. Cheap. Effective.**

**Endorsed by over 50,000 Users.**

From an original on ordinary paper with any pen, 100 copies can be made. 50 copies of typewriter manuscripts produced in 15 minutes. Send for circulars and samples of work. **AGENTS WANTED.**

**LAWTON & CO.,**

20 VESEY STREET,

NEW YORK.



**NEW YORK**

**NATATORIUM,**

Swimming School and Swimming Bath,

2 and 4 East 45th Street,  
Near Fifth Avenue.

Open daily, beginning April 16, for Ladies, Misses and Masters, 9 a. m. till 3 p. m.; gentlemen till 9 p. m., except Sunday. See circular.

**HENRY GEBHARD.**

*Lambert's*  
58th ST. AND 3D AVE.

Our superior facilities for manufacturing on the premises, enable us to sell

**GOLD and SILVER MEDALS, CLASS and COLLEGE PINS and RINGS,**

at very low prices.

**A LARGE AND VARIED STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.**

Estimates and special designs furnished on short notice.

**A SUPERB COLLECTION of DIAMONDS, WATCHES and JEWELRY to select from for Graduation Presents.**

**STANDARD QUALITY, SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP, POPULAR PRICES.**

**Lambert Bros.,**

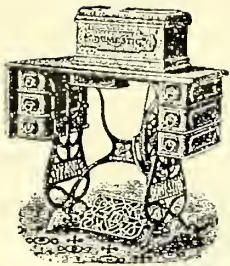
58th ST. and 3rd AVE.,

NEW YORK.





PET OF THE HOUSEHOLD.



# Removal.

## The Domestic Sewing Machine Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

The Celebrated High Grade

## Domestic · Machines

with the little "Looper" that converts it into a single thread machine, (or two machines in one), are now occupying the New Building,

No. 18 East 14th Street.

CHARLES W. KATTELL, Sole Agent.

L'ART de la MODE,  
REVUE de la MODE,  
AND  
Les NOVEAUTÉS  
PARISIENNES.

The Leading Fashion  
Journals of  
America.



The only journals which employ a corps of French Artists.

W. J. MORSE, Pub.,

No. 3 East 19th Street,

New York.



## R. & G. Corsets.

**HORSMAN'S FINE TENNIS "TUXEDO" EXPERT RACKET FOR 1894**

NEAREST TO PERFECTION EVER ATTAINED PATENT STRINGING GIVES USE IMMEDIATE SPRING TO PLAYING SURFACE AND INCREASED SPEED AND DRIVE TO THE BALL ANY TENNIS PLAYER WILL APPRECIATE THIS DRIVING POWER.

**FRAME OF CHOICEST ASH HEAVILY REINFORCED**

THROAT AND BUTT IN HIGHLY POLISHED MAHOGANY WITH SILVER TWINE WRAPPED HANDLE MAKING THE EASIEST AND MOST EFFICIENT GRIP OBTAINABLE

THE TUXEDO IS BUILT FOR THE NEEDS OF THE TENNIS EXPERT AND FOR HARD PLAY

**E. I. HORSMAN 341 BROADWAY, N.Y.**

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE



ARE YOU ACQUAINTED WITH \_\_\_\_\_

THE LEADING MANUFACTURER OF

UMBRELLAS ♦ AND ♦ WALKING ♦ CANES.

A DRAWING CARD.

A Skeleton Featherweight Umbrella, 26 inch full English lock ribs,  
enameled rods, \$5.00.



LADIES' UMBRELLAS A SPECIALTY.  
FINEST AND MOST DESIRABLE STOCK, SUITABLE FOR PRESENTATION.  
N. B.—UMBRELLAS RECOVERED WITH IMPORTED SILK FOR \$1.25.

COLLEGE STUDENTS ARE INVITED TO PLACE THIS IN THEIR ALBUM.

CHAS. LE BIHAN,

1 Barclay Street, opp. Astor House, 206 E. 14th Street, near 3d Ave. L. Station.















